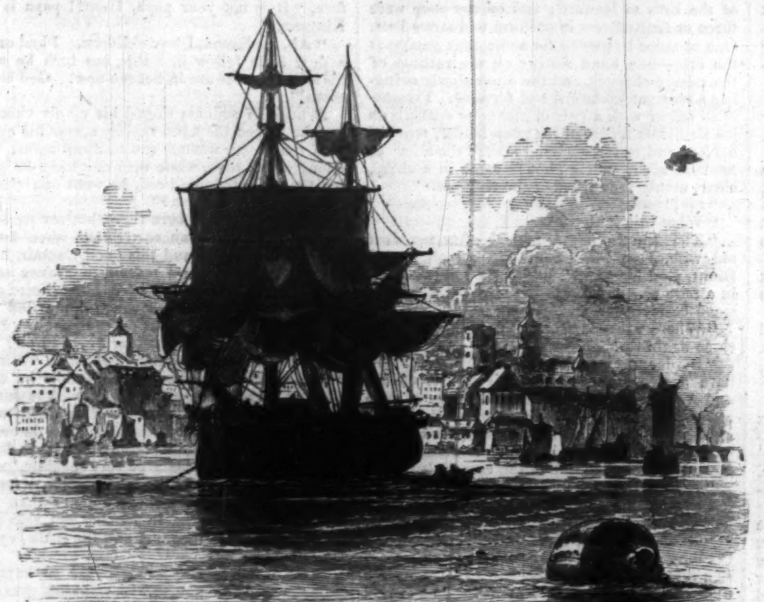
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. IV.—No. 171.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



CAPTAIN BRAND,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE
DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. HENRY A. WISE, U.S.N. (HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

SPREADING THE STRANDS.

IT was in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and five, and in the River Garonne, where a large, wholesome merchant brig lay placidly on the broad and shining water. The fair city of Bordeaux, with its great mass of yellow-tinted buildings, towers, and churches, rose from the river's banks, and the din and bustle of the great mart came faintly to the ear. The sails of the brig were loosed, the crew were hauling home the sheets and hoisting the topsails with the clear, hearty songs of English sailors, while the anchor was under foot and the chain rubbing with a taut strain against the vessel's bluff bows. At the gangway stood a large, handsome seaman, bronzed by the sun and winds of about half a century, dressed in a square-cut blue jacket and loose trowsers, talking to the pilot—a brown little Frenchman, in coarse serge raiment and large, clumsy sabots. The conversation between them was carried on partly by signs, for, in answer to the pilot, the other threw his stalwart arm aloft toward the folds of the spreading canvas and nodded his head.

"*Fort bien! vite donc! mon Capitaine,*" said the pilot; "the tide is on the ebb, let us go! Up anchor!"

"Ay, pilot!" replied the Captain, pulling out his watch. "In ten minutes; the ladies, you know, must have time to say 'good-by.' Isn't it so, my pilot?"

The gallant little Frenchman smiled in acquiescence, and taking off his glazed hat with the air of a courtier, said, "Pardieu! certainly, why not? Jean Marie would lose his pilotage rather than hurry a lady."

Going aft to the raised cabin on the quarter-deck, the Captain softly opened the weather door, and looking in, said, in a kindly tone,

"It is time to part, my friends; the pilot says we are losing the strength of the tide, so we must kiss and be off."

Two lovely women were sitting, hand clasped in hand, on the sofa of the transom. You saw they were sisters of nearly the same age, and a little boy and girl tumbling around their knees showed they were mothers; young mothers, too, for the soft, full, rounded forms of womanhood, with the flush of health and matronly pride tinged their cheeks, while masses of dark hair banded over their smooth brows and tearful eyes told the story at a glance. They rose together as the Captain spoke. "Adieu! chere Rosalie, we shall soon meet again, let us hope, never more to part." "Adieu, Nathalie! adieu, dearest sister! adieu! adieu!"

The loving arms were twined around each other in the last embrace; the tears fell like gentle rain, but with smiles of hope and trustfulness they parted.

"Ay," said the sturdy skipper, as he stood with eyes brimful of moisture regarding the sisters, "ay! trust me for bringing you together again. Well do I remember when you were little wee things when I brought you to France after the earthquake in Jamaica; just like these little rogues here"—and he laid his brawny paws on the heads of the children, who clung to each other within the folds of their mothers' dresses; "but never fear, my darlings," he went on, "you will meet happily again! Ay! that you shall, if old Jacob Blunt be above land or water."

A boat which was lying alongside the brig shoved off, the little boy who had been left on board was held high above the rail in the arms of a sturdy negro, while the mother stood beside him, waving her handkerchief to the boat as it pulled rapidly toward the shore.

"Man the windlass, lads!" cried the Captain. "Mister Binks, brace round the head yards, and up with the jib as soon as the anchor's aweigh."

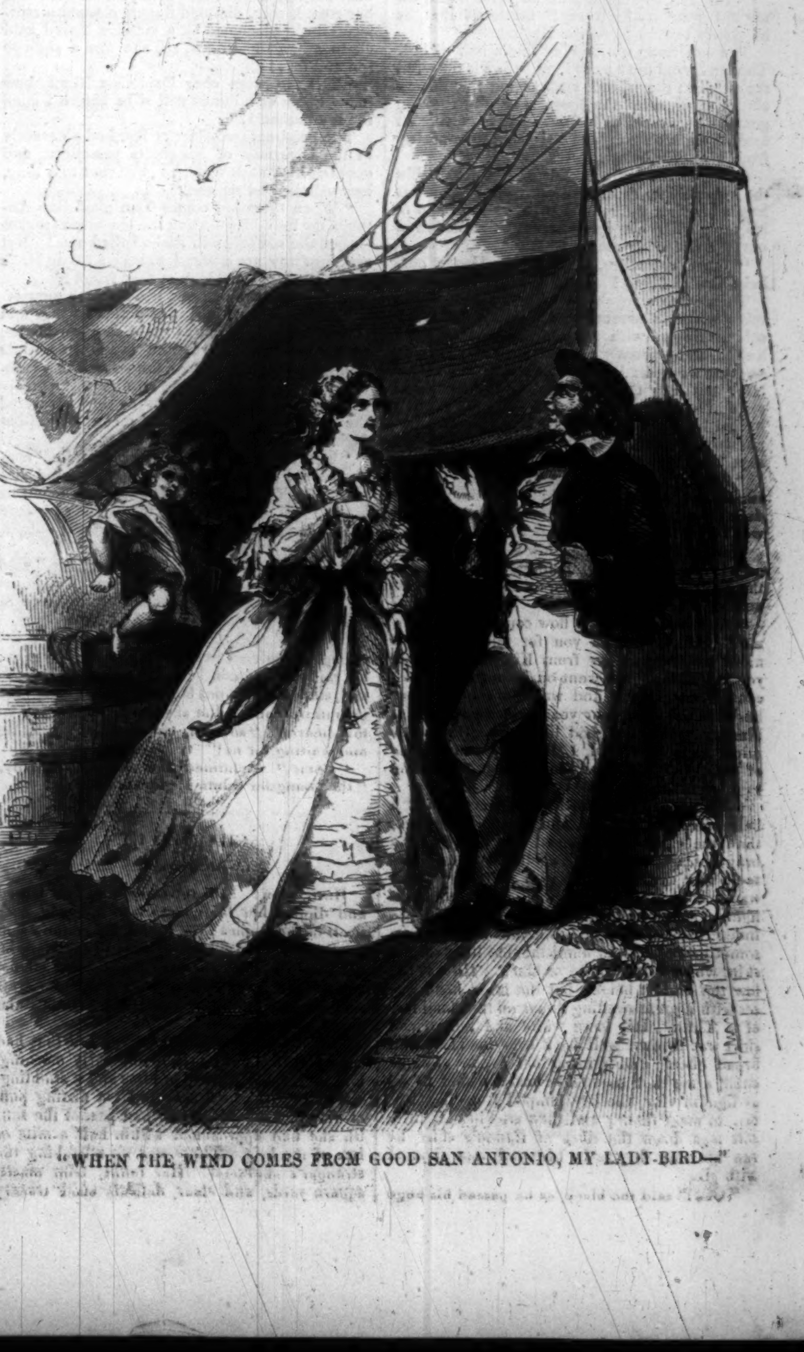
The windlass clinked as the iron palls caught the strain of the cable, the anchor was wrenched from its oozy bed; the vessel's head fell off, and, gathering way, she moved quietly down the River Garonne.

CHAPTER II.

CALM.

THE great lumbering brig with yards square, mainsail hauled up, with the jib and spanker in the brails, lay listlessly rolling on the easy swell of the water, giving a gentle send forward every minute or so, when the sluggish sails would come with a thundering slap against the masts, and the loose cordage would rattle like a drum-major's ratan on a spree. The sea was one glossy mirror of undulations, shimmering out into full blaze as the rising sun just threw its rays along the crest of the ocean swell; and then dipping down into the rolling mass, the hue would change to a dark green, and coming up again under the brig's black counter would swish out into a little shower of bubbles and sparkle again joyously.

Away off in the distance lay the Island of Jamaica. The early haze about the mountain tops rising like a white lace vail from the deep valleys below, with here and there a white dot of a cluster of buildings, gleamed out from the sombre land, like the flicker of a heliotrope; and at intervals, the base of the coast bursting forth in a long heavy fringe of foam, as the lazy breakers chafed idly about the rocks of some projecting headland. Nearer, too, were the dark succession of waving blue lines in parallel bars and patches of the young land wind, tipping the backs of the rollers in a



"WHEN THE WIND COMES FROM GOOD SAN ANTONIO, MY LADY-BIRD—"

fluttering ripple of cat's-paws and then wandering sportively away out to sea.

Abaft stood a low, squat-built sailor at the wheel, his striped Guernsey cap hanging on one of the spokes, and his body leaning, half asleep, over the barrel, which gave him a sharp twitch every now and then when the sea caught the rudder on the wrong side. Near at hand, with an arm around an after topmast backstay, and head resting over the rail, was the mate, Mr. Binks, with a spy-glass to his eye, through which he was peering at the distant hills of Jamaica. Presently, as he slowly was about to withdraw the brass tube, and as the old brig yawed with her head in-shore, something appeared to arrest his attention, for changing his position and climbing up to the break of the deck cabin he steadied himself by the shrouds, and rubbing his eye with the sleeve of his shirt, he gave a long look through the glass, muttering to himself the while. At last, having apparently made up his mind, he sung out to the man at the wheel in this strain:

"Ben, my lad, look alive; catch a turn with them halliards over the lee-wheel; and just take this 'ere glass and trip up to the fore yard and see what ye make of that fellow, here away under the eastermost headland."

Ben, without more ado, secured the spokes of the wheel, clapped his cap on his head, hitched up his trowsers, and taking the glass from the mate rolled away up the fore rigging. Meanwhile Mr. Binks walked forward, stopping a moment at the caboose to take a tin pot of coffee from the cook, and then going on to the topsail-sheet bitts, he carefully seated himself and leisurely began to stir up the sugar in his beverage with an iron spoon; making a little cymbal music with it on the outside while he gulped it down. He had not been many minutes occupied in this way when Ben hailed the deck from the fore yard.

"On deck there!"

"Hullo!" replied Mr. Binks.

"I see that craft," cried Ben; "she's a fore and after, sails down and sweeping along the land. She hasn't got a breath of wind, Sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Binks, speaking into the tin pot with a sound like a sheet-iron organ, "come down."

As Ben wriggled himself off the fore yard and caught hold of the futtock shrouds to swing in to the standing rigging, he suddenly paused, and putting the glass again to his eye he sung out: "I say, Sir! Here is a big chap away off on the other quarter, under topsails. There! Perhaps ye can see him from the deck, about a handspike clear of the sun"—pointing with the spy-glass as he spoke in the proper direction.

"All right," said the mate, as he began again the cymbal pot and spoon music, "Becalmed, ain't he?"

"Yes, Sir, not enough air to raise a hair on my old grandmother's wig!" muttered Ben, as he slowly trotted down the rigging.

The sun came up glowing like a ball of fire. The land wind died away long before it fluttered far off from the island, and, saving the uneasy slatter at times of the loose sails and running gear, all remained as before. It was getting on toward eight o'clock, and the Captain came up from his cabin below.

Going to the latticed door of the deck cabin the jolly skipper threw it wide open, clapped his hands together thrice, and then placing them to his mouth like a speaking-trumpet he bellowed out in a deep, low roar,

"Heave out there, all hands! Heave out, lady-bird and baby! Land ho!"

Then came a joyous note from a soft, sweet voice within a screen drawn across the after-cabin, mingled with a little cooing grunt from a child, and presently an inner door swung back, and the sweetest little tot of a boy came tumbling out into the open space, and sprang at once into the Captain's arms. The little fellow buried his brown curly head into the old skipper's whiskers, and then, kicking up his fat naked legs, he laughed and chattered like a magpie.

"Aha! you young scamp, this small nose smells the oranges and cinnamon, eh? And dear lazy mamma shuts her pretty eyes and won't look for papa, and so near home, too!"

Here Madame Rosalie's low sweet voice trilled out merrily in a slightly foreign accent, while the contralto tones vibrated on the ear like the note of a harp.

"Ah! bon Capitaine, how could you deceive me? Still, I forgive you for telling me last night we were so far from Kingston. When you know, too," she went on in her Creole accent, "how I love and want to see my dear husband these last four years, since you carried him away in your good big ship. But never mind, my good friend, I shall pay you off one of these days, and now send, please, for Banou to dress his little boy."

Scarcely had the worthy skipper reached a bell-rope near at hand, and given it one jerk, than the cabin door opened and in stepped a brawny black, whose bare woolly head and white teeth and eyes glittered with delight. There was that about his face which indicated intelligence, courage, devotion, and humanity—those indescribable marks of expression which nature sometimes stamps in unmistakable lines on the skin, whether it be white or black. He was below the middle height, but the large head was set with a great swelling throat on the shoulders of a Titan. His loose white and red striped shirt was thrown well back over his black and broad chest; and putting out a pair of muscular arms that seemed as massive and heavy as lignum vitæ, the boy jumped from the Captain to meet them; and then sticking his little soft legs down the slack of Banou's shirt, he ran his rosy fingers in his wool, and shouted with glee.

"Oho!" said the black, as he passed his huge arms around the little fellow, and smoothed down his scanty night-dress as if it were the plumage of a bird, "oho! little Master Henri loves his Banou, eh? Good, he take bath."

Bearing his charge out upon the quarter-deck beneath the awning, he pulled a large tub from under a boat turned upside down over the deck cabin; and then while the young monkey had scrambled round to his back, and was beating a tattoo with his tiny fists on his shoulders, Banou caught up a bucket and proceeded to draw water from over the side, which he dashed into the tub. When he had nearly filled the tub he felt around with his black paws as delicately as if he was about to seize a mosquito, and clutching the kicking legs with one hand, he spun the little fellow a somersault over his head, and skinning off at the same time his diminutive frock, he plunged him into the sparkling brine, singing the while in a laughing chant:

> "Dis is de way strong Banou catch him,
> First he strip and den he 'plash him;
> Henri he jump and cream for his moder,
> But Banou lub him more dan his broder!"

Here the brawny nurse would souse him head over heels in the sparkling water, lift him up at every dip, rub his black nose all over him, making mock bites at the little legs and stomach; and finally, holding him aloft, dripping, laughing, and struggling, go on with his refrain:

> "What will papa say when he sees him,
> Picaninny boy dat is sure to please him?
> Big Banou he rub and dress him,
> But little Henri he kick and pinch him!"

All this time the men seated forward on the deck, pegging away deep into their mess-kids, would pause occasionally, shake their great tarry fingers at the imp, chuckle pleasantly with their mouths full of lobscouse, as if the urchin belonged to them as individual property.

"Oho, my little massa!" said the black, at last, "what will papa say to-morrow when he sees his brave Henri?"

"Ah, how happy he will be, Banou!" said the lovely mother, who had just come on deck, as she kissed the mouth of the young scamp, while the black wrapped and dried his little naked body in a large towel.

"Ah, yes, my mistress, we all will be happy once more to get home to master on the plantation."

"Tell me! tell me, good Capitaine," said she, turning in a pretty coquettish way to the skipper, "when shall we get in port?"

It was a sight to see her, in the loose white morning gown folded in plaits about the swelling bosom, her slender waist clasped by a flowing blue sash, the dark brown satin bands of her hair confined by a large gold filigree pin, and half-concealed by a jaunty little French cap, with the ribbons floating about her pear-shaped ears. And while her soft, dark, hazel eyes were bent eagerly toward the solid old skipper, and her round, rosy, dimpled fingers clasped a miniature-locket fastened by a massive linked gold chain around her neck, ah, she was a sight to see and love!

"Tell me, mon cher Capitaine Blunt, how many hours or minutes will it be before I shall see my husband?"

The good-natured skipper laughed pleasantly at the eagerness of his pretty passenger, and opening his hands wide, he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and replied,

"When the wind comes from good San Antonio, my lady-bird—when the sea-breeze makes—then the old brig will reel off the knots! But see! just now not a breath to keep a tropic bird's wings out! There, look at that fellow!"

High up in the heavens two or three man-of-war birds, with wide-spread pointed wings and their swallow tails cut as sharp as knife-blades, were heading seaward, and every little while falling in a rapid sidelong plunge, as if in a vacuum, and then again giving an almost imperceptible dash with their pinions as they recovered the lost space and continued on in their silent flight.

"That's a sure sign, Madame Rosalie," continued the skipper, "that the trade-wind has blown itself out, and the chances are that this hot sun will drink up the flying clouds and leave us in a dead calm till the moon quarters to-night. What say you, Mr. Binks, am I right?"

"Never know'd you to be wrong, Sir," said the mate, with an honest intonation of voice, as he tried to stare the sun out of countenance in following the Captain's glance.

"Helas!" said the young mother, with a little sigh of sadness as she stood peering over the lee rail to the green hills and slopes of the island, standing now out boldly, with the lofty blue mountains cutting the sky ten thousand feet in mid-heaven; "so near, too, and he is thinking and waiting for us!"

"Come," exclaimed the skipper, heartily, "the youngster wants his breakfast!"

CHAPTER III.

HIGH NOON.

High noon! Still the stanch old brig bowed and dipped her bluff bows into the long, easy swell of the tropics; the round, flat counter sent the briny bubbles sparkling away in the glare of the noontide sun; the sails flapped and chafed against the spars and rigging, while the crew sheltered themselves beneath the awnings and dozed on peacefully.

Not so, however, with the large sail that had been seen from the brig in the early morning. For, with a lofty spread of kites and a studding-sail or two, she at times caught a flirting puff of air; and when the sun had passed the zenith she had approached within half a mile or less of the brig. There was no mistaking the stranger's character. Her taunt, trim masts, square yards, and clear, delicate black tracery of rigging, shadowed by a wide spread of snow-white canvas over the low, dark hull—which at every roll in the gentle undulations exposed a row of ports with a glance of white inner bulwarks—while the brass stars of her battery reflected sparks of fire from the blazing rays of the sun, showed she was a man-of-war.

"She's one of our cruisers, I think, Sir," said the mate, as he handed the spy-glass to the Captain; "but Ben here believes contrariwise, and says she is a French corvette."

"Have to try again, Mr. Binks; for to my mind she's an out-and-out Yankee sloop-of-war. Ay! there goes his colors up to the gaff! so up with our ensign, or else he'll be burning some powder for us."

Even while they were speaking her flag went rapidly up in a roll to the corvette's peak, when, shaking itself clear, it lay white and red, with a galaxy of white stars in a blue union, on the lee side of the spanker; while at the same instant a long, thin coach-whip of a pennant unspun itself from the main truck, and hung motionless in the calm down the mast. Her decks were full of men, standing in groups under the shade of the sails to leeward; and on the poop were three or four officers in uniform and straw hats. One of these last stood for some time gazing at the brig—one hand resting on the ratlines of the mizzen-shrouds, and the other slowly swinging a trumpet backward and forward. Presently an officer with a pair of gleaming epaulets on his shoulders mounted the poop ladder, touched his hat, and waved his hand toward the brig. A moment after, "Brig ahoy!" came in a sharp, clear, manly tone through the trumpet.

"Sir!"

"What brig is that?"

"The *Martha Blunt*, named after my dear old wife, God bless her! and myself, Jacob Blunt, God bless *me!*" added the jolly skipper, in a *sotto voce* chuckle to the fair passenger who stood beside him.

"Where are you from, and where bound?" came again through the trumpet.

"Bordeaux, and bound to Kingston. We have a free passport from Sir Robert Calder and Admiral Villeneuve." There was a wave of the trumpet as the speaker finished hailing, and then touching his hat to the officer with the gold swabs, and pausing only a moment, he moved to the other side of the corvette's poop.

"It would be no more nor polite in him to tell us what his name is arter all the questions he's axed."

"Don't ye know, Mr. Binks," broke in the Captain, "that the dignity of a man-of-war is sich that it wouldn't be discreet to tell no more than that she has a cargo of cannon-balls and going on a cruise any wheres, which ye may believe is as much valuable information as we might get out of our own calabashes without asking a question."

"You are allers right, Captain Blunt, but I did not tax my mind to think when I spoke them remarks," said Binks, deferentially.

The cruiser, however, seemed more communicative than the mate gave her credit for, and a moment after the officer with the trumpet sung out,

"This is the United States ship *Scourge*, from Port Royal, bound on a cruise! Please report us."

And again, after a few words apparently with the officer with the epaulets, the trumpet was raised to his lips, and he asked, "Have you seen any vessels lately?"

The skipper was on the point of answering the hail, when his mate said, "Beg pardon, Captain Blunt, but Ben and me made out a fore and aft schooner, airly this morning, with sweeps out, pulling in under the outermost headland there," pointing with his horny finger as he spoke.

"Nothing, Sir, but a small schooner at daylight sweeping to windward."

"What?" came back in a clear, quick note from the corvette.

"Small fore and after, Sir, with sails down and sweeps out, close under the land."

In a moment two or three officers on the cruiser's deck put their heads together, several glasses were directed toward the now dim mirage-like shadow of the island, and the next instant the sharp ring of a boatswain's whistle was heard, followed by a gruff call of "Away there! Ariels away!"

Immediately a cluster of sailors, in white frocks and trowsers and straw-hats, sprang over the ship's quarter to the davits; and then with a chirruping, surging pipe, a boat fell rapidly to the water. The falls were cast off, the cutter hauled up to the gangway, and soon an officer stepped over the side and tripped down to the boat. The white blades of the oars stood up on end in a double line, the boat pushed off, the oars fell with a single splash, and she steered for the brig. Descending down into the gentle valley of the long swell, she would disappear for an instant, till nothing but the white hats and feather blades of the oars were visible; and again rising on the crest, the water flashed off in foam from her bows as she came dancing on.

In a few minutes the coxswain cried "Way enough," and throwing up his hand with the word "Toss," the cutter shot swiftly alongside; the boat-hooks of the bowmen brought her up with a sudden jar, and the next moment an officer with an epaulet on his right shoulder, and a sword by his side, stepped over the gangway. The skipper was there to receive him, to whom he touched his cap with his fore finger; but as his eye glanced aft he saw a lady, and he gracefully removed his cap and bowed like a gentleman to her. He was a man of about eight-and-twenty, with a fine, manly, sailor-like figure and air, and with a pair of bright determined gray eyes in his head that a rascal would not care to look into twice.

"I am the First Lieutenant of the *Scourge*, Sir," he said, turning to the skipper, "and if you will step this way, I'll have a few words with you."

This was said in a careless tone of command, but withal with frankness and civility. The Captain led him aft toward the taffrail, but in crossing the deck the little tot of a boy followed closely in his wake, and getting hold of the officer's sword, which trailed along by its belt-straps on the deck, he got astride of it and seized on to the coat skirts of the wearer. The little tug he gave caused the officer to turn round, and with a cheerful smile and manner he snatched the urchin up in his arms, kissed him on both cheeks, and as he put him down again and detached his sword for him to play with, he exclaimed:

"What a glorious little reefer you'll make one of these days! Won't you?"

"*Oui! oui! mon Papa!*" said the little scamp, as he looked knowingly up in the officer's face.

"Excuse my little boy, Sir," said his mother, who was in chase of him; and then turning to the child with a blush spreading over her lovely face, "It is not your papa, Henri! papa is in Kingston."

"Ah, madame! I love children. I had once a dear little fellow like this, but both he and his sweet mother are in heaven now. God bless them!"

A flush of sadness tinged his manly cheeks, and he passed his hand rapidly across his eyes, as if the dream was too sad to dwell upon; but changing his tone, while with one hand he patted the little fellow's head, he went on: "Madame lives in Jamaica?"

"Oh yes! I was born there, but my parents were destroyed by an earthquake when I was quite a little child, and this good Captain here carried my sister and myself to France soon after, where Monsieur—" here she hesitated and blushed with pleasure—"where I married my husband, who is a planter on the island. Perhaps you may know Monsieur Jules Piron?"

"Piron!" said the navy man with warmth. "Ay, madame, for as fine a fellow as ever planted sugar! Know him? Why, madame, it is only a week ago that a lot of us dined with him at his estate of Escondido; you know it, madame? in the grand piazza which looks down the gorge. But he behaved very shabbily," said the officer, as his face lighted up gayly, "for he kept a spy-glass to his eye oftener than the wine-glass to his lips, in looking out seaward, and in talking of madame and the little boy he had never seen."

"Oh, Monsieur! you make me so happy," said the lovely woman, as with sparkling eyes and heaving bosom she cried, "Banou! Banou! This gentleman has just seen your good master."

The black, who had been standing near and guarding every movement of his little charge, who was trailing the sword about the deck, immediately approached the officer, and, falling on his knees, seized his hand and drew it toward his face.

"Ah, madame, I see that kindness meets with a return as well from a dark as a fair skin," said the officer in a low tone, as he gently withdrew his hand from Banou's grasp.

"But," he continued, turning toward the skipper, as the clear sound of the cruiser's bell struck his ear, "I must not forget what I came for."

"You say, Captain, that you saw a schooner at daylight, eh? This way, if you please"—as he raised his cap to Madame Piron and walked over to the other side of the deck—"what was she like?"

"She was reported to me by the mate," replied Jacob Blunt.

"Please send for him. Oh, Mr.—a—?"

"Binks, Sir," said that individual, touching his hat, and making an awkward scrape at a bow.

"Well, Mr. Binks, did you clearly make out the vessel you saw this morning under the land?"

"Can't say exactly, Sir, as I did, but Ben Brown there was on the fore yard, and he got a good squint at her."

"Ah! can I see the man?"

The mate straightway went forward, and, after a few pokes about the lee waist, Ben was roused out from under the jolly-boat and came rolling aft.

"*You* saw the schooner, eh?" said the Lieutenant, as if he was in the habit of asking sharp questions and getting quick answers.

"Yes, Sir," said the squat seaman, as he hitched up his knife-belt and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and took off his cap.

"Where?"

"Here away, Sir," with a wave of his hand: "just clear of that bluff foreland where the gap opens with the Blue Mountain."

"How was she rigged?"

"Bare sticks, Sir, not much of a bowsprit, and no sail spread. I see her first by the flash of her sweeps in the rising sun as she was heading about sou'-sou'east into the land."

"Two masts, you say?"

"Ay, Sir; but I thought as 'ow there was a jigger-like yard a stickin' out over her starn, though I wasn't sartin."

"So!" said the Lieutenant, in a musing tone and with rather a grave face and compressed lip; "that will do; thank you, my man." Then placing his hand on the skipper's shoulder, he drew him to one side, out of ear-shot, and said,

"Captain Blunt, are you much acquainted in these latitudes?"

"Oh yes, Sir, me and my old brig are regular traders here, from Bordeaux to Jamaica and so home to England."

"No treasure, I presume?" went on the officer, with a smile.

"Why, Lieutenant, none to speak of, p'raps; just a handful of dollars and a guinea or two in the bag for a few sacks of sugar or coffee, or a pipe of rum or sich like on my own account."

"Well, my friend, there is probably nothing to fear, but if the breeze springs up, keep as close to the corvette as you can, and I shall ask the Captain to keep a look-out for you during the night."

"By-the-way"—the officer continued in a low tone as he moved toward the gangway—"in case any thing should happen, you had better hoist a lantern at your peak or in the main rigging—we have sharp eyes for ugly customers, and one or two of them have been particularly troublesome of late hereabouts."

Turning for a moment to bid adieu to the fair lady-passenger on the quarter-deck, and recovering his sword after a playful struggle with the youngster, he buckled it around his waist, and stepping lightly over the side and into the boat, the oars fell with a single splash, and the cutter shot rapidly away toward the corvette.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 7, 1860.

FIRES IN TENEMENT-HOUSES.

ANOTHER terrible destruction of life has ensued from a fire in a tenement-house; ten human beings have been hurried unexpectedly, in the dead of night, to the presence of their Maker. As in the case of the Elm Street fire, the nature of the buildings was such that once the flames gained headway escape and rescue were alike impossible.

Tenement-houses are the curse of New York. They are as independent of law as huts in the prairie or in the Hudson Bay Company's territory. They are the refuge of thieves, outcasts, and prostitutes; from their slimy dens these creatures issue forth nightly to disgrace our civilization, sure of a safe retreat when the crimes of the night are ended. Some tenement-houses are inhabited by neither thieves nor prostitutes; in them teeming families are crowded into small, uncleanly, ill-ventilated rooms, where pestilence is begotten and habits of vice acquired by children from their very infancy. The idea of the owner of a tenement-house is to make the most money by the least outlay. Hence he builds with the cheapest materials, and in the most unsubstantial way; allots the least space possible to each lodger, and devotes his whole thought to the securing of his rents—having secured himself against loss by fire by an ample insurance. Properly administered, such property is the very best going; we have the best authority for saying that it should yield ten per cent. at least, and, in judicious hands, is frequently made to yield twelve and fourteen.

This is clearly a case for legislative control. In more than half the cases in which the Legislature of this State meddles with private business it goes wrong, simply because it forgets that competition and the law of supply and demand suffice to regulate trade; but this is a case in which nothing but legislative interference will avail. It is the direct interest of landlords of tenement-houses to overcrowd them and to neglect precautions against fire.

In France and England the owners of such houses are under the direct and constant supervision of regularly appointed officials. In Paris, especially, the subject of fire is regulated with remarkable strictness. Had such massacres occurred in that city as we have had in Elm Street and Forty-fifth Street, it would have gone hard with the owners of the buildings. But no such disasters could have occurred there, because such buildings would have been denounced by the inspectors the day they were finished, and the owners would not have been permitted to take tenants. So in England. The law requires every owner of a tenement-house to grant so many feet of space to each tenant, and to provide proper means of escape in case of fire. This law is thoroughly and efficiently carried out.

A very simple law would achieve great good here. A section obliging owners of tenement-houses to provide fire-escapes, and another compelling them to furnish their tenants with so many square feet of room, and fresh air, would answer the purpose, provided honest men were appointed to see the law carried into execution. Such a law should commend itself to the Albany politicians, from the fact that it provides employment for a few more patriots.

THE ALMS-HOUSE.

The New York *Tribune* published, some ten days ago, an article reflecting very severely on the official administration of the Governors of the Alms-house, charging them with loose behavior, indecent license, and gross mismanagement of the interests committed to their charge. The Ten Governors have since held a meeting, at which the *Tribune's* accusations have been vehemently repelled, the purity of the Governors asserted, and a desire expressed for a committee of inquiry—said committee to be recruited from that pure, incorruptible, and undefiled body, the New York State Legislature.

We have no objection to say plainly that the public is with the *Tribune*, and not with the Governors. People generally believe that the *Tribune* was more than half right in all that it said. They do not believe—as the Governors insinuate—that the *Tribune's* article was written spitefully by some discharged employé of the Ten Governors; or, if it was penned by a person who had been in the Governors' employ, they rather think that he told the truth, whatever his motive may have been. And nobody expects that any good will result from a legislative committee of inquiry. If the George Law and other railroad schemes can secure majorities in both Houses, it is not likely that the Board of Governors will find it impossible to secure a whitewashing at the market price from the same bodies.

The public were horrified only a few months ago by the publication of undeniable evidence to the effect that the Ten Governors were in the habit of farming out the wards of the city to the lowest bidders, and that the poor little outcasts thus traded off were sometimes murdered by the fiendish brutes to whose mercies they were intrusted. We need only mention Mrs. Carlock's name to recall the circumstance to our readers' memory.

We now learn that the gross carelessness of which the Carlock tragedy was an accidental revelation pervades the whole administration of the Alms-house. Every department, we are assured, is equally mismanaged. Stories of drunken orgies, paid for by the city, and indulged in—before the eyes of paupers and convicts—by the Ten Governors, are current in every man's mouth. We can testify personally that, as a general rule, the convicts are not always the worst-behaved people on the island.

In theory, the plan of transferring the patronage of the Alms-house from the city to the State capital is clearly wrong. But after all, naked theories are not always safe in practice. And, with the experience of the Metropolitan Police before us, we are bound to admit that, even at the cost of seeing a parcel of hungry rural politicians saddled upon us, the transfer of the Alms-house patronage to Albany would not be viewed by respectable people with much regret. If one half the charges of the *Tribune* are well founded, the sooner Blackwell's Island is purged of the officials who are now employed there the better: no change can well be for the worse.

We shall return to the subject at an early day.

THE LOUNGER.

A MUNICIPAL QUESTION.

If the city of New York wants to have a railroad through the streets, why should it be obliged to ask leave of the State? It is a purely municipal matter—quite as much so as the licensing of omnibus lines; and it is something with which the State has no more to do than with the laying out of new streets or the cleaning of old ones.

The permanent safety of a popular form of government lies in its constant decentralization. The municipality is the germ. The State is a series of independent little communities which manage their own affairs. Centralization is despotism. There is no more reason that the city of New York should ask the leave of the State to lay down a railroad within the city limits for the city convenience, than that it should ask the same permission to substitute gas for oil in the street lamps.

So also in the matter of ferries to the neighboring shores. Why should there be the system of *ferry-rights?* Why should not the transportation of passengers and freight from Brooklyn and Hoboken and Jersey City and Staten Island to the city be left open to the laws and chances of all other commercial enterprises, while care for human life and safety is maintained by the general law of the State? Is there any more reason that the transportation of passengers between Staten Island and New York should be a right to be leased by the city than the larger ferry from New York to Liverpool? Why should there not be as many ferries to Brooklyn as there are people willing to risk their capital in the venture—subject always to stringent laws of personal security for the passengers?

Once more, why should the city own market-houses any more than dry-goods shops? Food is the first necessity of life—yes, and for that very reason there will always be plenty of persons who will have it for sale. But clothes are also a necessary of life in this climate. Why does not the city put up great buildings and let rooms in them to tailors? It is indeed the business of the city to take care that bad food is not sold; but so it is its duty to guard against swindling every where.

Half of the reason that we are governed so badly is that we are governed too much. This elaborate system of city interference begets the business of contracts and jobs which annihilate the public money. It costs an honest man, nowadays, about a hundred dollars to get ten.

Of course, no system will work well where men are corrupt. But, for all that, there is a choice in systems. Some give more chances of decent government than others. The State certainly ought not to try to manage matters which are purely municipal; and the city should not complicate trade by interfering with its simple and legitimate laws.

BLOOD IN ART.

Goupil's engraving shop and picture gallery, near Union Square, is one of the pleasant lounges of the city. You can see there the last French prints, good and bad—the engraving of Gerome's Duel after the Masquerade, the fine head of Ary Scheffer, his Mignons, the single figure of Marie Antoinette, superb with scorn, from Paul Delaroche's picture—all these, and many, many more, and often a good picture.

At present, however, you can see a forcible, unpleasant picture there, by the same Gerome who painted the Duel after the Masquerade. It is the Death of Cæsar, and is apparently a part of a larger picture, of which there is an engraving in the window, and which represents the whole scene—the Senate Chamber, and the retiring crowd of conspirators. In the painting, however, you see only the prostrate body of Cæsar and the chair overthrown. It is painfully real. The clotted blood upon the floor—the smearing upon the toga—the cuts of the daggers in the drapery—the gashed fingers which have caught at the knives—the wounds upon the exposed arms—the bloody tracks of the assassins upon the marble pavement, as they moved away—the utter desolation—the rigidity of horrible death—if you want these in a picture, you have them in Gerome's Dead Cæsar. A pretty thing to hang in your parlor! It is merely a murdered man painted in his gore. It might be one of the victims upon the *E. A. Johnson* or *Spray*, except that the accessories show it to be Roman.

The significance of Cæsar's death can not be represented by painting his blood, dead body so well that you smell blood, and fall sick, as in a dissecting-room. Just art never merges terror or sublimity in physical horror. A corpse is a corpse, whether it be Alexander's or Yorick's. The moment for a picture of Cæsar's death is the moment of the advance upon him with uplifted daggers. We know already that he was killed; therefore it is not necessary to see him dead. Cæsar lying in his gore is a corpse; but Cæsar confronting his fate is Cæsar still. If you would paint a martyr, let it be not when there are only ashes left to paint, but when he stands at the stake serenely smiling through consuming fires. Then you need not draw the actual forms of angels descending with palms; for in the spirit that has conquered death you see the tranquil superiority of which palms themselves are but the symbols.

To paint life, and not death, is the business of an artist—is it not? And the higher the form of life, the higher the art? And hence religious painters who represent the life of faith are considered chief of all?

Gerome loves unmitigated horror. The Duel after the Masquerade is a striking picture—but how unrelieved in its bald ghastliness! It is grotesquely, fantastically horrible.

Now comes our own National Academy exhibition. Oh, gentlemen painters, we critics are all sharpening our pens and our eyes! We are each of us a poor, modest, ignorant individual, with certain fancies about what pictures ought to be. But we are all going to brandish the "we" about your heads, as if it were indeed the world, the great public, speaking!

A FEAST OF LEATHER.

The Swamp saw a merry day a week or two ago. Or, more properly speaking, it was the edge of the Swamp that saw it, for Messrs. Young, Schultz, & Co., Thomas Fraser & Brother, and Mattison and M'Coy have removed their great leather business from the narrower Ferry Street into Franklin Square.

Perhaps of all morasses upon the globe the Swamp is the most curious. It grows no cat-o'-nine-tails, or bulrushes, or flags, or blue-blossomed pickerel weed—not at all; it blossoms with high brick stores, iron doors, windows, drays, sidewalks, curbstones; it expands and bourgeons all over with leather.

And have you observed what silent stores leather stores are? The squeak has not set in yet. The hides lie in huge piles upon the floors. You touch some horse's nose with your shoulder as you pass the door, just broad enough to allow a passage for a cart, which they are loading with leather. It is only small, retail shops that are fussy. The great business of South Street and the Swamp moves on quietly. Great fortunes grow out of them, as trees out of the ground, larger and larger every year, and standing at length broad and benignant, homeless birds singing in their boughs, and acorns for future trees falling from their abundance.

To celebrate the opening of their new stores a pleasant company assembled, "Leather dealers, clergymen, editors, and other religious persons," as one of the orators remarked. There were wit and festive eloquence in plenty. The road to good humor lies over a full stomach. And it was pleasant to know that in a time which, like all other times, is represented as the very worst time that ever was, the prospects of trade are so bright and smiling. There is no body of merchants more cordially united than the leather men. It is a body so fraternal, so democratic, so modest, that there is no assumption among them, and no one of them is more ambitious than another to be considered the great leather head.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

Tew Major Jack Downing, Downingsville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, who'll send it in print.

Washintun Metropolis, *April 2*, 1860.

Wa'al, Uncle Jack, here I be at last, clean tucker'd eout; and hopin' these few lines will find yeou enjoyin' the same blessin'. This here coming from Maine to Alexandria in a pesky pink-starn schunur ain't exactly equal tew huskin' corn with putty gals, and a-findin' red ears all the time. No, it ain't. Our minister's shirt-collar, on a July afternoon, when he gits tew conclude and finaly, deon't hav the starch taken eout of it wus than that pesky pink-starn schunur tuk the life eout of me, I tell yeou. Why, if the plaguy critter had gone right deown I wouldn't have cared, I was so misrabul, and only a passenger, plague take it! ses I, tew the fellur that stood tew the back end with a lever, a sort of pryin' the thing along.

Wa'n't I glad when we got tew Cheserpeek Bay! and the water was smooth, and some of the 2nd famillys of Virginny brought us sum oysturs in a small bote. Then we saw Mount Vernon, where Washington was rased, and where a man of that name now rases canes for memento-moris, but is agoin' to sell eout to a grate many females, the Father of his Country not having any children in the male line. It's a pretty nice sort of place, and I guess an ice-cream temperance restorator thare, with ardents in the back-room, whud pay. A masterly lot of folks go thare, they du say, in steambotes.

When the schunur was tied up in Alexandria I cum up here in a ferry-bote, lickety-splash. The place looks grand a way off, but when you git thar it's sort of scattur'd and uncompleted; and on goin' ashore there's the spryest lot of fellers ever yew did see.

"National?" ses one.

"Yes, Sir-ree!" ses I; "National tew the core."

"Brown's?" ses anuther.

"No, Sir!" ses I, "nor blacks neither. I ain't ov them partys."

"United States?" ses anuther yet.

"Sartin!" ses I; "yew don't think I'm a forrinur?"

And by this time they was a-pullin' and a-haulin' on me tew kill. I tho't at fust 'twas one of them 'Vestergatin' Committees we read about; but, sure as I liv', 'twant nuthin' but cerridge-drivurs.

"Scoot!" ses I, "for I'm a-goin' tew walk." And walk I did.

Thare was a sidewalk all the way, with houses and stables and pasture lands, and all sorts of places; but I kept strate on, askin' every one I met for the White House. Some sort ov larfed, but I didn't care, and stump'd it along in my new pegged boots, cost $2 87½, and jist as good as any calf-skin or shiny leather any whare. But when I come tew the grand place, somehow my hart sort o' swelled up, but I rung the bell jist as if the House wos mine—it is mine, a small peace of it, anyhow. An Irisher come tew the door.

"Is Mr. Buchanan tew hum?" ses I.

"Do you wish tew see the President?" ses he.

"If I didn't," ses I, "what would I be a doin' on here?"

"Well," ses he, "the President's engaged."

"Sho!" ses I. "Why, I kinder tho't he never'd a gone and done that at his time of life."

"Cum to-morrow," ses he, "from twelve till one; and if the President's at lessur he'll see you."

"Wa'al," ses I, feelin' sort of chap-fallen, "if I can't dew no better, guess I'll go. Stop, tho'! Yew giv' this tew Mr. Buchanan, and tell him I'll be here to-morrow." And I gin your letter, Uncle Jack, a tellin' him how I was a goin' tew Charleston tew the Convention.

The Irisher hadn't no more than tuk the letter than he slamm'd the door, and there I stud a lookin' at it, jist like a fool—anyhow, I felt like wun. But, ses I tew myself, ses I, faint hart never wun a fair trainin' day; so I begun tew whistle Yankee Doodle, and off I went, left foot furst, eyes tew the front, and the little fingurs ov my hands agin the semes of my panterloons.

Arter I'd gone along a peace I heard some one holler arter me, "I say!" I jist let him holler, and kept right on, head up. "I say!" he hollered agin and agin, till he kum up tew me, and put his hand on my shoulder. "I say!" ses he—'twas the President's Irisher.

"Wa'al!" ses I, "what dew you say?"

"Why," ses he, "the President no sooner red yur letter than he sung out, 'Michael!' 'Sur?' 'Go you straight after the gentleman that bro't me this, and bring him here.' And, Sur, won't yez have the kindness to go back with me?"

"Seein' as it's yew, Michael," ses I, "I will. But yew wa'n't over civil tew me when I was there jist now."

"Ah! Sur," ses he, terrible perlite, "I tho't yez was an office-seeker."

By this time we'd got tew the grate house again, and in I walked. Gorry grashus! There stood the identercal Mr. Buchanan, and I knew'd him in a minit, after havin' seen picturs on him in Mister Harper's paper.

"Why, Mr. Downing," ses he, "what made you leave this house without seein' me?"

I wos a goin' to speak rite eout, but Michael looked so sheepish like, ses I, "I tho't you was busy, and didn't like tew interrude."

"Intrude!" ses he. "The nephew of Major Jack Downing an intruder here, where Andrew Jackson had that uncle for a friend?. No, Sir!"

"Wouldn't yew hav felt tickled tew hav herd that, Uncle? I wos; and I tos't up my bran-new secund-hand silk hat, and I hollers, "Hurrar for Jackson! and Buchanan tew!"

Mr. Buchanan, ses he, "You're a chip of the old block! Come up stairs." And he took me, jist as sosherble as you'd take our doctor up inter the hired man's room up inter his'n. "Set down," ses he, "and tell me all about it."

Deown I set, and told him how we was all sort o' flustrated about the small-pox and democracy up in Downin'ville, and heow yew'd sent me tew the Charleston Convenshun arter real democracy and a quill of vaxchenation.

Ses he, when I told him all, "Now you just stay here till it's time to go to Charleston; and I'll introduce you to all the candidates, and show you the city, or my private secretary will."

I thank'd him, ov course, and he took me inter the next chamber, where he interdoced me to Mr. Buchanan, his private secretary. "His uncle and I," ses he, pintin' tew me, "were friends; now let's see the nephews cronies." Then he went out, and I've set down and scribbled this off, tew send on tew Mr. Harper, who yew sed wud print it jist as yew us'd tew have yure letters home printed.

Mr. Buchanan's nephew ses the male's about tew close; so, good-by! Love tew all enquiring friends, and lots of it tew Hannah Hale, who wunt enquier, but who'll want ter hear.

Your lovin' nephew till death does part,

Benjamin Downing, 3d.

HON. THOMAS CORWIN, OF OHIO.

Hon. Thomas Corwin, a Representative in Congress from the Warren District of the State of Ohio, stands at the head of the "Old Guard" of national legislators—that race of Statesmen whose voices were heard in the now deserted halls of the original Capitol; who were inspired by high-toned sentiments of patriotism; who investigated every question without either sectional or partisan prejudice; and who met every responsibility with fearless intrepidity. Among the many distinguished citizens of the United States there is scarcely one who, from his character and talents, as well as his national principles and patriotic career, has a stronger hold upon the affections of THE PEOPLE, than "*the Wagoner-Boy*, Tom Corwin!"

Genealogists assert that the Corwin family immigrated to this country from Hungary, and the people of Essex County, in Massachusetts, claim the subject of this sketch as a descendant of one of the earliest settlers on that rock-bound coast. Certain it is that his father, Matthias Corwin, was a pioneer resident in Kentucky, and removed from there, in 1798, to what is now Warren County, in Ohio, where he cleared a small farm near the present town of Lebanon. After that portion of the Northwestern Territory was admitted into the Union as the State of Ohio, Mr. Corwin served for many years in the Legislature, a part of the time presiding as Speaker of the House. He was afterward one of the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held at the period of his death in 1829. He is spoken of by those who were his neighbors as a respected citizen, a faithful member of the Baptist Church, and as a public officer of unimpeachable integrity.

Thomas Corwin was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, on the 29th day of July, 1794, and at the age of four years was taken by his father to Ohio. His early and only education was received in a log-cabin, and as he became strong enough to be serviceable on the farm, his studies were confined to the winter months. While yet a lad, the brave Harrison and his gallant army were on the Northern frontier, almost destitute of provisions, and a demand was made on the patriotism of the people to furnish the necessary sustenance. The elder Mr. Corwin loaded a wagon with supplies, which his son delivered, as was described in after-years when that son was nominated for Governor of his native State. "I remember," said General Anthony, after describing the hardships of the campaign, "that when we were dependent for food for what came through the brushwood country, where each wagoner had to make his way wherever he could find a passable place, there came a team which was managed by a little, dark-complexioned, hardy-looking lad, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years old, who was familiarly called Tom Corwin. Through all of that service he proved himself a good 'whip' and an excellent 'reinsman;' and in the situation in which we are about to place him he will be found equally skillful."

Returning from the frontier, young Corwin resumed his labors on his father's farm, and at night pored over what books he could obtain. When qualified, he entered the Clerk's office of the County Court as an assistant, and in 1816 he commenced the study of law under Joshua Collett, Esq., afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court.

In 1817 Mr. Corwin was admitted to the bar, at which he has since held a high position, both in the skillful management of cases and in his arguments. Some of his forensic efforts have been reported; but these reports, like those of his political speeches, fail to impart to the reader any thing like a correct idea of his style of eloquence. Stenographers attempt in vain to follow him—reporters who seek to make a synopsis of his remarks are entranced with his genial humor and sprightly wit, and omit to note the profound knowledge he displays of what true statesmanship should be. Alas! that the narrow limits prescribed for this hastily-prepared sketch forbid the introduction of some of the "gems" which have adorned Mr. Corwin's oratorical efforts.

In 1822 Mr. Corwin was elected a member of the lower branch of the Ohio Legislature, where his *début* into public life "was characterized," observes a writer in the *American Review*, "by the marks of independence, uprightness, and eloquence which have given him so much distinction since." In 1829, when, for the first time in the history of Warren County, an attempt was made to choose members of the Legislature on partisan grounds, he was again persuaded to serve, and was elected in opposition to the political nominee.

In 1830 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, as a Whig, although his district contained a decided majority of Jackson men. He was re-elected to each successive Congress until 1840, when, in consequence of his nomination for Governor, he resigned his seat. During this long term in the House he was a zealous advocate of what were known as Whig principles, and the strenuous adversary of executive invasions of liberty. But he participated in no intrigues, sought to control no political alliance, engaged in no traffic for office. His manliness was tempered with a moderation that, while it asserted its own convictions of right, left undisturbed the rights of others. His appearance in debate, says a biographer, was rare, but always effective. The announcement of his name was an assurance of profound stillness in the House. That stillness continued while he occupied the floor, except as it was sometimes broken by demonstrations of excitement, such as wisdom, argument, and eloquence like his must occasionally produce.

During the political campaign of 1840 Mr. Corwin became extensively known as an effective public speaker; and to his efforts, more perhaps than any other man in the Union, the unexampled majority of General Harrison may be attributed. He was himself elected Governor by a large vote, and proved himself well qualified for the place, although he facetiously remarked that the principal duties were "to appoint notaries-public and pardon convicts in the penitentiary." But his sentiments were too national for the abolitionists of Ohio, who nominated a third candidate for Governor at the next election, and thus secured the success of Mr. Shannon, whom he had defeated the previous year.

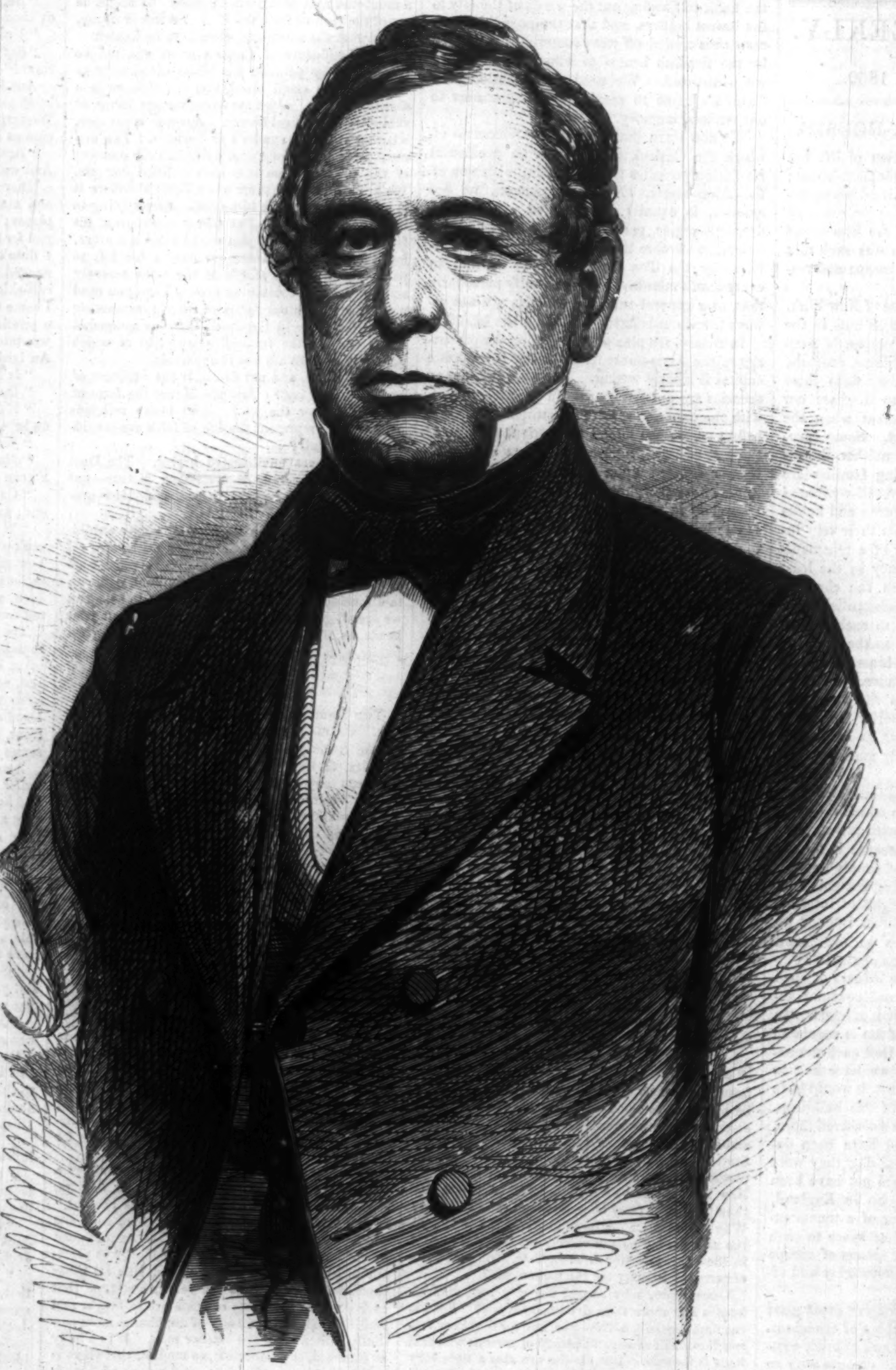
President Fillmore, in July, 1850, invited Mr. Corwin to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. The fidelity with which he discharged the responsible duties of that important station is well known to the country. The national credit was sustained, the public revenues were husbanded, officials were held to a strict account, and many important reforms were introduced. The codification of the revenue laws, now occupying the attention of Congress, was suggested by Secretary Corwin in one of his reports. He was an advocate of specific duties; or, if they could not be adopted, of a home rather than a foreign valuation; and his suggestions have now been adopted, to a great extent, by President Buchanan and other political opponents.

After the expiration of the Fillmore Administration, in 1853, and until the fall of 1858, Mr. Corwin attended to his professional duties in Cincinnati (where he had a law-office), maintaining his residence at Lebanon, and remaining comparatively aloof from the political questions of the day. But he could not refuse the general desire expressed that he should accept a nomination to the present Congress; and when he "took the stump" thousands of his old constituents greeted him with gladness, and listened eagerly to the manly and independent expression of his views on the topics of the day, which are directly at variance with the opinions of some of the Republican party by which he was elected. This is an instance of independence on the one hand, and of toleration and confidence on the other, worthy of commendation.

Taking his seat in Congress, Mr. Corwin exhibited the same high-toned course which has ever marked his political career. During the protracted struggle for the organization he rose, without preparation, to express his views, and never has a speaker been listened to with more marked attention. Urged to proceed, he spoke until the hour for adjournment, and concluded his remarks the next day, leaving—as a distinguished opponent remarked afterward in debate—"nothing more to be said on the Republican side of the House." His departure from strict "party lines" did much toward relieving the country from the injurious effects of the "dead lock" of the wheels of legislation by bringing about the election of Mr. Pennington.

Mr. Corwin is now Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs—a responsible position, as in that Committee many important questions of international policy are discussed and prepared for the action of the House.

Mr. Corwin's private life has been marked by the most stainless honor and the strictest virtue—in short, he is a Gentleman. Married early in life to an estimable lady of a Quaker family in Delaware, he has a son and four daughters, forming a happy family circle at his rural home in Lebanon.



HON. THOMAS CORWIN, OF OHIO.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 5th.—I had only got as far as the top of the stairs when the locking of Laura's door suggested to me the precaution of also locking my own door, and keeping the key safely about me while I was out of the room. My journal was already secured, with other papers, in the table-drawer, but my writing materials were left out. These included a seal, bearing the common device of two doves drinking out of the same cup; and some sheets of blotting-paper, which had the impression on them of the closing lines of my writing in these pages traced during the past night. Distorted by the suspicion which had now become a part of myself, even such trifles as these looked too dangerous to be trusted without a guard—even the locked table-drawer seemed to be not sufficiently protected in my absence, until the means of access to it had been carefully secured as well.

I found no appearance of any one having entered the room while I had been talking with Laura. My writing materials (which I had given the servants instructions never to meddle with) were scattered over the table much as usual. The only circumstance in connection with them that at all struck me was, that the seal lay tidily in the tray with the pencils and the wax. It was not in my careless habits (I am sorry to say) to put it there; neither did I remember putting it there. But, as I could not call to mind, on the other hand, where else I had thrown it down, and as I was also doubtful whether I might not, for once, have laid it mechanically in the right place, I abstained from adding to the perplexity with which the day's events had filled my mind, by troubling it afresh about a trifle. I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and went down stairs.

Madame Fosco was alone in the hall looking at the weather-glass.

"Still falling," she said. "I am afraid we must expect more rain."

Her face was composed again to its customary expression and its customary color. But the hand with which she pointed to the dial of the weather-glass still trembled. Could she have told her husband already that she had overheard Laura reviling him in my company as a "Spy?" My strong suspicion that she must have told him; my irresistible dread (all the more overpowering from its very vagueness) of the consequences which might follow; my fixed conviction, derived from various little self-betrayals which women notice in each other, that Madame Fosco, in spite of her well-assumed external civility, had not forgiven her niece for innocently standing between her and the legacy of ten thousand pounds—all rushed upon my mind together; all impelled me to speak, in the vain hope of using my own influence and my own powers of persuasion for the atonement of Laura's offense.

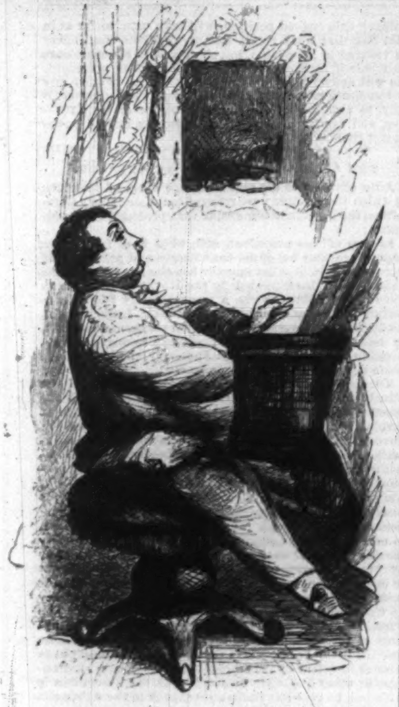
"May I trust to your kindness to excuse me, Madame Fosco, if I venture to speak to you on an exceedingly painful subject?"

She crossed her hands in front of her, and bowed her head solemnly, without uttering a word, and without taking her eyes off mine for a moment.

"When you were so good as to bring me back my handkerchief," I went on, "I am very, very much afraid you must have accidentally heard Laura say something which I am unwilling to repeat, and which I will not attempt to defend. I will only venture to hope that you have not thought it of sufficient importance to be mentioned to the Count?"

"I think it of no importance whatever," said Madame Fosco, sharply and suddenly. "But," she added, resuming her icy manner in a moment, "I have no secrets from my husband, even in trifles. When he noticed, just now, that I looked distressed, it was my painful duty to tell him why I was distressed; and I frankly acknowledge to you, Miss Halcombe, that I *have* told him."

I was prepared to hear it, and yet she turned me cold all over when she said those words.



"Let me earnestly entreat you, Madame Fosco—let me earnestly entreat the Count—to make some allowances for the sad position in which my sister is placed. She spoke while she was smarting under the insult and injustice inflicted on her by her husband—and she was not herself when she said those rash words. May I hope that they will be considerately and generously forgiven?"

"Most assuredly," said the Count's quiet voice, behind me. He had stolen on us, with his noiseless tread, and his book in his hand, from the library.

"When Lady Glyde said those hasty words," he went on, "she did me an injustice which I lament—and forgive. Let us never return to the subject, Miss Halcombe; let us all comfortably combine to forget it, from this moment."

"You are very kind," I said; "you relieve me inexpressibly—"

I tried to continue—but his eyes were on me; his deadly smile, that hides every thing, was set, hard and unwavering, on his broad, smooth face. My distrust of his unfathomable falseness, my sense of my own degradation in stooping to conciliate his wife and himself, so disturbed and confused me that the next words failed on my lips and I stood there in silence.

"I beg you on my knees to say no more, Miss Halcombe—I am truly shocked that you should have thought it necessary to say so much." With that polite speech he took my hand—oh, how I despise myself! oh, how little comfort there is, even in knowing that I submitted to it for Laura's sake!—he took my hand and put it to his poisonous lips. Never did I know all my horror of him till then. That innocent familiarity turned my blood as if it had been the vilest insult that a man could offer me. Yet I hid my disgust from him—I tried to smile—I, who once mercilessly despised deceit in other women, was as false as the worst of them—as false as the Judas whose lips had touched my hand.

I could not have maintained my degrading self-control—it is all that redeems me in my own estimation to know that I could not—if he had still continued to keep his eyes on my face. His wife's tigerish jealousy came to my rescue, and forced his attention away from me, the moment he possessed himself of my hand. Her cold blue eyes caught light; her dull white cheeks flushed into bright color; she looked years younger than her age in an instant.

"Count!" she said. "Your foreign forms of politeness are not understood by English women."

"Pardon me, my angel! The best and dearest English woman in the world understands them." With those words he dropped my hand and quietly raised his wife's hand to his lips in place of it.

I ran back up the stairs to take refuge in my own room. If there had been time to think, my thoughts, when I was alone again, would have caused me bitter suffering. But there was no time to think. Happily for the preservation of my calmness and my courage there was time for nothing but action.

The letters to the lawyer and to Mr. Fairlie were still to be written, and I sat down at once, without a moment's hesitation, to devote myself to them. There was no multitude of resources to perplex me—there was absolutely no one to depend on, in the first instance, but myself. Sir Percival had neither friends nor relatives in the neighborhood whose intercession I could attempt to employ. He was on the coldest terms—in some cases, on the worst terms—with the families of his own rank and station who lived near him. We two women had neither father nor brother to come to the house and take our parts. There was no choice but to write those two doubtful letters—or to put Laura in the wrong and myself in the wrong, and to make all peaceable negotiation in the future impossible, by secretly escaping from Blackwater Park. Nothing but the most imminent personal peril could justify our taking that second course. The letters must be tried first; and I wrote them.

I said nothing to the lawyer about Anne Catherick; because (as I had already hinted to Laura) that topic was connected with a mystery which we could not yet explain, and which it would, therefore, be useless to write about to a professional man. I left my correspondent to attribute Sir Percival's disgraceful conduct, if he pleased, to fresh disputes about money matters; and simply consulted him on the possibility of taking legal proceedings for Laura's protection, in the event of her husband's refusal to allow her to leave Blackwater Park for a time, and return with me to Limmeridge. I referred him to Mr. Fairlie for the details of this last arrangement—I assured him that I wrote with Laura's authority—and I ended by entreating him to act in her name, to the utmost extent of his power, and with the least possible loss of time.

The letter to Mr. Fairlie occupied me next. I appealed to him on the terms which I had mentioned to Laura as the most likely to make him bestir himself; I inclosed a copy of my letter to the lawyer, to show him how serious the case was; and I represented our removal to Limmeridge as the only compromise which would prevent the danger and distress of Laura's present position from inevitably affecting her uncle as well as herself, at no very distant time.

When I had done, and had sealed and directed the two envelopes, I went back with the letters to Laura's room to show her that they were written.

"Has any body disturbed you?" I asked, when she opened the door to me.

"Nobody has knocked," she replied. "But I heard some one in the outer room."

"Was it a man or a woman?"

"A woman. I heard the rustling of her gown."

"A rustling like silk?"

"Yes; like silk."

Madame Fosco had evidently been watching outside. The mischief she might do by herself was little to be feared. But the mischief she might do, as a willing instrument in her husband's hands, was too formidable to be overlooked.

"What became of the rustling of the gown when you no longer heard it in the ante-room?" I inquired. "Did you hear it go past your wall, along the passage?"

"Yes. I kept still, and listened, and just heard it."

"Which way did it go?"

"Toward your room."

I considered again. The sound had not caught my ears. But then I was deeply absorbed in my letters; and I write with a heavy hand and a quill pen, scraping and scratching noisily over the paper. It was more likely that Madame Fosco would hear the scraping of my pen than that I should hear the rustling of her dress. Another reason (if I had wanted one) for not trusting my letters to the post-bag in the hall.

Laura saw me thinking. "More difficulties?" she said, wearily; "more difficulties and more dangers!"

"No dangers," I replied. "Some little difficulty, perhaps. I am thinking of the safest way of putting my two letters into Fanny's hands."

"You have really written them, then? Oh, Marian, run no risks—pray, pray run no risks!"

"No, no—no fear. Let me see—what o'clock is it now?"

It was a quarter to six. There would be time for me to get to the village inn and to come back again before dinner. If I waited till the evening I might find no second opportunity of safely leaving the house.

"Keep the key turned in the lock, Laura," I said, "and don't be afraid about me. If you hear any inquiries made, call through the door, and say that I am gone out for a walk."

"When shall you be back?"

"Before dinner, without fail. Courage, my love! By this time to-morrow you will have a clear-headed, trust-worthy man acting for your good. Mr. Gilmore's partner is our next best friend to Mr. Gilmore himself.

A moment's reflection, as soon as I was alone, convinced me that I had better not appear in my walking-dress until I had first discovered what was going on in the lower part of the house. I had not ascertained yet whether Sir Percival was in-doors or out.

The singing of the canaries in the library, and the smell of tobacco-smoke that came through the door, which was not closed, told me at once where the Count was. I looked over my shoulder as I passed the door-way; and saw, to my surprise, that he was exhibiting the docility of the birds, in his most engagingly polite manner, to the housekeeper. He must have specially invited her to see them, for she would never have thought of going into the library of her own accord. The man's slightest actions had a purpose of some kind at the bottom of every one of them. What could be his purpose here?

It was no time then to inquire into his motives. I looked about for Madame Fosco next, and found her following her favorite circle, round and round the fish-pond. I was a little doubtful how she would meet me after the outbreak of jealousy of which I had been the cause so short a time since. But her husband had tamed her in the interval, and she now spoke to me with the same civility as usual. My only object in addressing myself to her was to ascertain if she knew what had become of Sir Percival. I contrived to refer to him indirectly; and, after a little fencing on either side, she at last mentioned that he had gone out.

"Which of the horses has he taken?" I asked, carelessly.

"None of them," she replied. "He went away, two hours since, on foot. As I understood it, his object was to make fresh inquiries about the woman named Anne Catherick. He appears to be unreasonably anxious about tracing her. Do you happen to know if she is dangerously mad, Miss Halcombe?"

"I do not, Countess.

"Are you going in?"

"Yes, I think so. I suppose it will soon be time to dress for dinner."

We entered the house together. Madame Fosco strolled into the library and closed the door. I went at once to fetch my hat and shawl. Every moment was of importance, if I was to get to Fanny at the inn and be back before dinner.

When I crossed the hall again no one was there; and the singing of the birds in the library had ceased. I could not stop to make any fresh investigations. I could only assure myself that the way was clear, and then leave the house with the two letters safe in my pocket.

On my way to the village I prepared myself for the possibility of meeting Sir Percival. As long as I had him to deal with alone, I felt certain of not losing my presence of mind. Any woman who is sure of her own wits is a match, at any time, for a man who is not sure of his own temper. I had no such fear of Sir Percival as I had of the Count. Instead of fluttering, it had composed me, to hear of the errand on which he had gone out. While the tracing of Anne Catherick was the great anxiety that occupied him, Laura and I might hope for some cessation of any active persecution at his hands. For our sakes now, as well as for hers, I hoped and prayed fervently that she might still escape him.

I walked on as briskly as the heat would let me, till I reached the cross-road which led to the village; looking back from time to time to make sure that I was not followed by any one. Nothing was behind me, all the way, but an empty country wagon. The noise made by the lumbering wheels annoyed me; and when I found that the wagon took the road to the village as well as myself, I stopped to let it go by and pass out of hearing. As I looked toward it more attentively than before, I thought I detected, at intervals, the feet of a man walking close behind it, the carter being in front, by the side of his horses. The part of the cross-road which I had just passed over was so narrow that the wagon coming after me brushed the trees and thickets on either side; and I had to wait until it went by before I could test the correctness of my impression. Apparently that impression was wrong, for when the wagon had passed me the road behind it was quite clear.

I reached the inn without meeting Sir Percival, and without noticing any thing more, and was glad to find that the landlady had received Fanny with all possible kindness. The girl had a little parlor to sit in, away from the noise of the tap-room, and a clean bedchamber at the top of the house. She began crying again at the sight of me; and said, poor soul, truly enough, that it was dreadful to feel herself turned out into the world as if she had committed some unpardonable fault, when no blame could be laid at her door by any body—not even by her master who had sent her away.

"Try to make the best of it, Fanny," I said. "Your mistress and I will stand your friends, and will take care that your character shall not suffer. Now, listen to me. I have very little time to spare, and I am going to put a great trust in your hands. I wish you to take care of these two letters. The one with the stamp on it you are to put into the post, when you reach London, to-morrow. The other, directed to Mr. Fairlie, you are to deliver to him yourself as soon as you get home. Keep both the letters about you, and give them up to no one. They are of the last importance to your mistress's interests."

Fanny put the letters into the bosom of her dress. "There they shall stop, miss," she said, "till I have done what you tell me."

"Mind you are at the station in good time to-morrow morning," I continued. "And when you see the housekeeper at Limmeridge, give her my compliments, and say that you are in my service until Lady Glyde is able to take you back. We may meet again sooner than you think. So keep a good heart, and don't miss the seven o'clock train."

"Thank you, Miss, thank you kindly. It gives one courage to hear your voice again. Please to offer my duty to my lady, and say I left all the things as tidy as I could in the time. Oh, dear! dear! who will dress her for dinner to-day? It really breaks my heart, Miss, to think of it."

When I got back to the house I had only a quarter of an hour to spare to put myself in order for dinner, and to say two words to Laura before I went down stairs.

"The letters are in Fanny's hands," I whispered to her, at the door. "Do you mean to join us at dinner?"

"Oh, no, no—not for the world!"

"Has any thing happened? Has any one disturbed you?"

"Yes—just now—Sir Percival—"

"Did he come in?"

"No; he frightened me by a thump on the door, outside. I said, 'Who's there?' 'You know,' he answered. 'Will you alter your mind, and tell me the rest? You shall! Sooner or later I'll wring it out of you. You know where Anne Catherick is at this moment!' 'Indeed, indeed,' I said, 'I don't.' 'You do!' he called back. 'I'll crush your obstinacy—mind that!—I'll wring it out of you!' He went away with those words—went away, Marian, hardly five minutes ago."

He had not found her. We were safe for that night—he had not found her yet.

"You are going down stairs, Marian? Come up again in the evening."

"Yes, yes. Don't be uneasy, if I am a little late—I must be careful not to give offense by leaving them too soon."

The dinner-bell rang, and I hastened away.

Sir Percival took Madame Fosco into the dining-room, and the Count gave me his arm. He was hot and flushed, and was not dressed with his customary care and completeness. Had he, too, been out before dinner, and been late in getting back? or was he only suffering from the heat a little more severely than usual?

However this might be, he was unquestionably troubled by some secret annoyance or anxiety, which, with all his powers of deception, he was not able entirely to conceal. Through the whole of dinner he was almost as silent as Sir Percival himself; and he, every now and then, looked at his wife with an expression of furtive uneasiness, which was quite new in my experience of him. The one social obligation which he seemed to be self-possessed enough to perform as carefully as ever was the obligation of being persistently civil and attentive to me. What vile object he has in view I can not still discover; but, be the design what it may, invariable politeness toward myself, invariable humility toward Laura, and invariable suppression (at any cost) of Sir Percival's clumsy violence, have been the means he has resolutely and impenetrably used to get to his end, ever since he set foot in this house. I suspected it when he first interfered in our favor, on the day when the deed was produced in the library, and I feel certain of it now.

When Madame Fosco and I rose to leave the table, the Count rose also to accompany us back to the drawing-room.

"What are you going away for?" asked Sir Percival—"I mean *you*, Fosco."

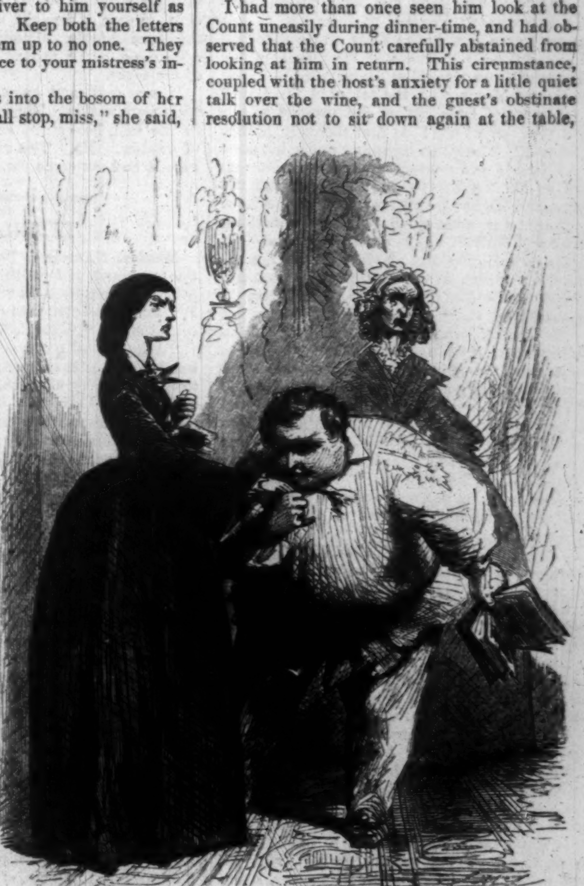
"I am going away because I have had dinner enough, and wine enough," answered the Count. "Be so kind, Percival, as to make allowances for my foreign habit of going out with the ladies, as well as coming in with them."

"Nonsense! Another glass of claret won't hurt you. Sit down again like an Englishman. I want half an hour's quiet talk with you over our wine."

"A quiet talk, Percival, with all my heart, but not now, and not over the wine. Later in the evening, if you please—later in the evening."

"Civil!" said Sir Percival, savagely. "Civil behavior, upon my soul, to a man in his own house!"

I had more than once seen him look at the Count uneasily during dinner-time, and had observed that the Count carefully abstained from looking at him in return. This circumstance, coupled with the host's anxiety for a little quiet talk over the wine, and the guest's obstinate resolution not to sit down again at the table,



"HE TOOK MY HAND AND PUT IT TO HIS POISONOUS LIPS."

revived in my memory the request which Sir Percival had vainly addressed to his friend, earlier in the day, to come out of the library and speak to him. The Count had deferred granting that private interview when it was first asked for in the afternoon, and had again deferred granting it when it was a second time asked for at the dinner-table. Whatever the coming subject of discussion between them might be, it was clearly an important subject in Sir Percival's estimation—and perhaps (judging from his evident reluctance to approach it) a dangerous subject as well in the estimation of the Count.

These considerations occurred to me while we were passing from the dining-room to the drawing-room. Sir Percival's angry commentary on his friend's desertion of him had not produced the slightest effect. The Count obstinately accompanied us to the tea-table—waited a minute or two in the room—then went out into the hall, and returned with the post-bag in his hands. It was then eight o'clock—the hour at which the letters were always dispatched from Blackwater Park.

"Have you any letter for the post, Miss Halcombe?" he asked, approaching me with the bag.

I saw Madame Fosco, who was making the tea, pause, with the sugar-tongs in her hand, to listen for my answer.

"No, Count, thank you. No letters to-day."

He gave the bag to the servant, who was then in the room; sat down at the piano, and played the air of the lively Neapolitan street-song, "La mia Carolina," twice over. His wife, who was usually the most deliberate of women in all her movements, made the tea as quickly as I could have made it myself—finished her own cup in two minutes—and quietly glided out of the room.

I rose to follow her example—partly because I suspected her of attempting some treachery up stairs with Laura; partly because I was resolved not to remain alone in the same room with her husband.

Before I could get to the door the Count stopped me by a request for a cup of tea. I gave him the cup of tea, and tried a second time to get away. He stopped me again—this time by going back to the piano, and suddenly appealing to me on a musical question in which he declared that the honor of his country was concerned.

I vainly pleaded my own total ignorance of music, and total want of taste in that direction. He only appealed to me again with a vehemence which set all further protest on my part at defiance. "The English and the Germans (he indignantly declared) were always reviling the Italians for their inability to cultivate the higher kinds of music. We were perpetually talking of our Oratorios, and they were perpetually talking of their Symphonies. Did we forget and did they forget his immortal friend and countryman, Rossini? What was 'Moses in Egypt' but a sublime oratorio, which was acted on the stage, instead of being coldly sung in a concert-room? What was the overture to Gaillaume Tell but a symphony under another name? Had I heard 'Moses in Egypt?' Would I listen to this, and this, and this, and say if any thing more sublimely sacred and grand had ever been composed by mortal man?"—And without waiting for a word of assent or dissent on my part, looking me hard in the face all the time, he began thundering on the piano, and singing to it with loud and lofty enthusiasm; only interrupting himself, at intervals, to announce to me fiercely the titles of the different pieces of music: "Chorus of Egyptians, in the Plague of Darkness, Miss Halcombe!"—"Recitativo of Moses, with the tables of the Law." —"Prayer of Israelites, at the passage of the Red Sea. Aha! aha! Is that sacred? Is that sublime?" The piano trembled under his powerful hands; and the tea-cups on the table rattled as his big bass voice thundered out the notes, and his heavy foot beat time on the floor.

There was something horrible, something fierce and devilish, in the outburst of his delight at his own singing and playing, and in the triumph with which he watched its effect upon me, as I shrank nearer and nearer to the door. I was released, at last, not by my own efforts, but by Sir Percival's interposition. He opened the dining-room door and called out angrily to know what "that infernal noise" meant. The Count instantly got up from the piano. "Ah! if Percival is coming," he said, "harmony and melody are both at an end. The Muse of Music, Miss Halcombe, deserts us in dismay; and I, the fat old minstrel, exhale the rest of my enthusiasm in the open air!" He stalked out into the veranda, put his hands in his pockets, and resumed the "recitativo of Moses," *sotto voce*, in the garden.

I heard Sir Percival call after him from the dining-room window. But he took no notice: he seemed determined not to hear. That long-deferred quiet talk between them was still to be put off, was still to wait for the Count's absolute will and pleasure.

He had detained me in the drawing-room nearly half an hour from the time when his wife left us. Where had she been, and what had she been doing in that interval?

I went up stairs to ascertain, but I made no discoveries; and when I questioned Laura I found that she had not heard any thing. Nobody had disturbed her—no faint rustling of the silk dress had been audible, either in the ante-room or in the passage.

It was then twenty minutes to nine. After going to my room to get my journal I returned and sat with Laura; sometimes writing, sometimes stopping to talk with her. Nobody came near us, and nothing happened. We remained together till ten o'clock. I then rose, said my last cheering words, and wished her good-night. She locked her door again, after we had arranged that I should come in and see her the first thing in the morning.

I had more to do to my diary before going to bed myself; and as I went down again to the drawing-room, for the last time that weary day, I resolved merely to show myself there, to make my excuses, and then to retire an hour earlier than usual for the night.

Sir Percival and the Count and his wife were sitting together. Sir Percival was yawning in an easy-chair, the Count was reading, Madame Fosco was fanning herself. Strange to say, *her* face was flushed now. She who never suffered from the heat was most undoubtedly suffering from it to-night.

"I am afraid, Countess, you are not quite so well as usual?" I said.

"The very remark I was about to make to *you*," she replied. "You are looking pale, my dear."

My dear! It was the first time she had ever addressed me with that familiarity! There was an insolent smile, too, on her face when she said the words.

"I am suffering from one of my bad headaches," I answered, coldly.

"Ah, indeed? Want of exercise, I suppose? A walk before dinner would have been just the thing for you." She referred to the "walk" with a strange emphasis. Had she seen me go out? No matter if she had. The letters were safe now in Fanny's hands.

"Come and have a smoke, Fosco," said Sir Percival, rising, with another uneasy look at his friend.

"With pleasure, Percival, when the ladies have gone to bed," replied the Count.

"Excuse me, Countess, if I set you the example of retiring," I said. "The only remedy for such a headache as mine is going to bed."

I took my leave. There was the same insolent smile on the woman's face when I shook hands with her. Sir Percival paid no attention to me. He was looking impatiently at Madame Fosco, who showed no signs of leaving the room with me. The Count smiled to himself behind his book. There was yet another delay to that quiet talk with Sir Percival—and the Countess was the impediment this time.

Once safely shut into my own room I opened these pages, and prepared to go on with that part of the day's record which was still left to write.

For ten minutes or more I sat idle, with the pen in my hand, thinking over the events of the last twelve hours. When I at last addressed myself to my task I found a difficulty in proceeding with it which I had never experienced before. In spite of my efforts to fix my thoughts on the matter in hand they wandered away, with the strangest persistency, in the one direction of Sir Percival and the Count; and all the interest which I tried to concentrate on my journal centred, instead, on that private interview between them which had been put off all through the day, and which was now to take place in the silence and solitude of the night.

In this perverse state of my mind the recollection of what had passed since the morning would not come back to me, and there was no resource but to close my journal and to get away from it for a little while.

I opened the door which led from my bedroom into my sitting-room, and having passed through pulled it to again to prevent any accident, in case of draught, with the candle left on the dressing-table. My sitting-room window was wide open, and I leaned out, listlessly, to look at the night.

It was dark and quiet. Neither moon nor stars were visible. There was a smell like rain in the still, heavy air, and I put my hand out of window. No. The rain was only threatening; it had not come yet.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have now in the press, and will publish at as early a day as possible, "The Mill on the Floss," a new story by the author of that most charming and most successful novel, "Adam Bede."

"Adam Bede" was a surprise to the world of novel readers. It showed such power of observation, such felicity of touch, such breadth of view, and so fine and original a humor, that while readers were delighted, the most severe critics here and in England unhesitatingly pronounced sentence of approval upon the new author, and placed her book in the very front rank of our English fictions.

The new story, of which we have read a part, opens with equal promise of freshness and interest in scene and character. Those who were delighted with the fine touches of children's character which occur in the closing chapter of "Adam Bede," will be pleased to know that the "Mill on the Floss" has two children—brother and sister—for its opening characters, the setting forth of whose sayings and doings is as delightfully fresh and healthful as the best lover of children can desire. *Tom* and *Maggie*, the children of the miller on the Floss, are evidently the heroes of the book.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will publish "The Mill on the Floss" here simultaneously with its publication in London, having secured the early sheets of the work by special arrangement with the author, to whom they pay a large sum of money. They will print two editions—one cheap, in paper covers; and the other on handsome paper, and bound in muslin, at one dollar.

The same house have in press the Life of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, by J. W. Sheahan, Esq., editor of the Chicago *Times*, which will be published in a few days. It will be a volume of 500 pages 12mo, with a fine portrait, and will be sold, bound in muslin, at one dollar.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 26, in the Senate, the bill to facilitate communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States was called up. It was so amended as to take from the company which shall be organized under its provisions the power of interfering with the right to locate a railroad by pre-empting all the lands on the route of the proposed telegraph line, and by providing that no payment shall be made to the company by Government until the line is in operation, and that it shall cease when the contractors fail in their contract. The Consular Appropriation Bill was amended so as to provide that $175,600 of the appropriation for the relief and protection of American seamen shall be used in the present fiscal year; an amendment appropriating $15,000 for a Minister to Paraguay was rejected, and the bill was passed. The bill to authorize the sale of public arms to the several States and Territories, and to regulate the appointment of Superintendents of the National Armories, was passed (28 to 18).——In the House, bills withdrawing the protection of Congress from non-resident landholders; appropriating $75,000 for improving Buffalo harbor; fixing and regulating the duty on imports; repealing the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850; and enabling citizens of the United States to carry their property freely and without molestation into Kansas, were referred. The Committee on Commerce was instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill making an appropriation for a steam revenue cutter for the Delaware River. Resolutions requesting the President to open negotiations with the leading powers of Europe with the view of declaring the slave-trade piracy were introduced and referred. Mr. M'Queen (S. C.) offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to report a measure for relieving the Massachusetts shoemakers "from the tyranny of the capitalists of that State." To this Mr. Blake (Ohio) responded, with a preamble and resolution, declaring "the chatteling of mankind" notoriously a reproach to our country, and instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill interdicting slavery wherever Congress has power to legislate upon it. Amidst great confusion it was rejected.

On Tuesday, March 27, in the Senate, Senator Seward presented a petition from citizens of this State in favor of the Homestead Bill. Ineffectual attempts were made to amend the bill to increase and regulate the pay of the Navy. Senator Johnson took up a large part of the session in a labored attempt to demonstrate that Tennessee, the State which he represents, produces more horses, mules, and other like animals, annually, than New Hampshire, a position which he thought Senator Clarke of the latter State had endeavored to controvert.——The House did not accomplish any business of moment. It had under consideration the bill to provide for the safety of passengers in boats propelled in whole or in part by steam. Mr. Washburn, of Illinois, made the principal argument in support of the measure. Consideration of the subject was postponed for a fortnight, and, after a brief discussion of the Army Bill, the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, March 28, in the Senate, petitions in favor of the House Homestead Bill, and of a uniform bankrupt law were presented. The Navy Pay Bill was so amended that captains at sea should receive a salary of $4000; those who were waiting orders and are on leave, $3000; and those discharging other duties, $3600. After some other unimportant amendments the bill was read a third time and passed.——In the House, an interesting debate occurred on the bill recently reported from the Committee on the Judiciary to suppress polygamy in the Territories of the United States. Mr. Branch suggested that if polygamy was declared criminal, there would be no reason why the same action might not be taken regarding slavery. He could not vote for this provision of the bill, which made penal laws applicable to all the territories of the United States. Neither could Mr. Taylor. Mr. Clark stated that the Committee on Territories had it in contemplation to report a bill parceling out Utah among the neighboring territories, so that the people themselves might remove the evil of polygamy. A disposition decidedly favorable to the measure under discussion was shown by the vote on a motion to lay the subject on the table, 19 members recording their names in the affirmative, and 148 in the negative. Five thousand extra copies of the report on our commercial relations, and of the last volume of the surveys for a Pacific Railroad by Governor Stevens were ordered to be printed. Sitting in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, the House rejected the amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill, increasing the amount for the National Armories from $250,000 to $400,000.

On Thursday, March 29, in the Senate, but little business of interest was done. A joint resolution, offered by Senator Green, that Congress adjourn from the 20th of April to May 21, was taken up, and after a short debate was rejected by a vote of 12 to 29. The bill supplementary to the act to protect citizens who may discover deposits of guano was amended and passed. So was the bill to prevent desertions and facilitate enlistments in the United States Army.——In the House, Mr. Grow gave notice that he should call up the Pacific Railroad Bill next Thursday. A message was received from the President protesting against the proposed investigation of his official acts. After an exciting debate, in which Messrs. Sherman, Bocock, and Grow took a leading part, was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, with power to report at any time.

On Friday, March 30, in the Senate little public business was transacted, it being private-bill day. The President sent in a reply to a resolution of inquiry as to the authority under which the squadron in the Gulf of Mexico had acted in their late operations.——The House passed a bill making all letters returnable to their writers within thirty days, if so indorsed, when not called for, instead of being sent to the dead-letter office.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The following Message was received on Thursday by the House of Representatives:

To the House of Representatives:

After a delay, which has afforded me ample time for reflection, and after much and careful deliberation, I find myself constrained by an imperious sense of duty, as a co-ordinate branch of the Federal Government, to protest against the first two clauses of the first resolution adopted by the House of Representatives on the 5th inst., and published in the *Congressional Globe* on the succeeding day. These clauses are in the following words:

"*Resolved*, That a committee of five members be appointed by the Speaker for the purpose, first, of investigating whether the President of the United States or any officer of the Government has, by money, patronage, or other improper means, sought to influence the passage of any law appertaining to the rights of any State or Territory; and second, also to inquire into and investigate whether any officer or officers of the Government have, by combination or otherwise, prevented or defeated, or attempted to prevent or defeat, the execution of any law or laws now upon the statute-book, and whether the President has failed or refused to compel the execution of any law thereof."

* * * * * * *

THE HOUSE HAS NO POWER OVER THE PRESIDENT.

* * * * * * *

It is solely in reference to the impeaching power that I presume to make a few observations. Except in this single case, the Constitution has invested the House of Representatives with no power, no jurisdiction, no supremacy whatever over the President. In all other respects he is quite as independent of them as they are of him. As a co-ordinate branch of the Government he is their equal. Indeed he is the only direct representative on earth of the people of all and each of the sovereign States. To them, and them alone, is he responsible, while acting within the sphere of his constitutional duty, and not in any manner to the House of Representatives.

The people have thought proper to invest him with the most honorable, responsible, and dignified office in the world, and the individual, however unworthy, now holding this exalted position, will take care, so far as in him lies, that their rights and prerogatives shall never be violated in his person, but shall pass to his successors unimpaired by the adoption of a dangerous precedent. He will defend them to the last extremity against any unconstitutional attempt, come from what quarter it may, to abridge the constitutional rights of the Executive, and render him subservient to any human power except themselves.

* * * * * * *

THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE AN OUTRAGE.

After alluding to the case of Judge Peck, of Missouri, in which the charges were referred to the Judiciary Committee, the President commends that precedent, and continues:

In view of this precedent, and, what is of far greater importance, in view of the constitution and principles of eternal justice, in what manner has the President of the United States been treated by the House of Representatives? Mr. John Covode, a representative from Pennsylvania, is the accuser of the President. Instead of following the wise precedents of former times, and especially that in the case of Judge Peck, and referring the accusation to the Committee on Judiciary, the House have made my accuser one of my judges.

To make the accuser the judge is a violation of the principles of universal justice, and is condemned by the practice of all civilized nations. Every freeman must revolt at such a spectacle. I am to appear before Mr. Covode, either personally or by a substitute, to cross-examine the witnesses which he may produce before himself to sustain his own accusations against me; and perhaps even this poor boon may be denied to the President. And what is the nature of the investigation which his resolution proposes to institute? It is as vague and general as the English language affords words in which to make it. The Committee is to inquire, not into any specific charge or charges, but whether the President has by "money, patronage, or other improper means, sought to influence," not the action of any individual member or members of Congress, but "the action of the entire body of Congress itself," or any Committee thereof. The President might have had some glimmering of the nature of the offenses to be investigated had his accuser pointed to the act or acts of Congress which he sought to pass or to defeat by the employment of "money, patronage, or other improper means." But the accusation is bounded by no such limits; it extends to the whole circle of legislation, to interference "for or against the passage of any law appertaining to the rights of any State or Territory." And what law does not appertain to the rights of some State or Territory? And what law or laws has the President failed to execute? These might easily have been pointed out had any such existed.

* * * * * * *

NO PERSONAL OBJECT IN VIEW.

* * * * * * *

I again declare emphatically that I make this protest for no reason personal to myself, and I do it with perfect respect for the House of Representatives, in which I had the honor of serving for five successive terms. I have lived long in this goodly land, and have enjoyed all the offices and honors which my country could bestow. Amidst all the political storms through which I have passed, the present is the first attempt which has ever been made, to my knowledge, to assail my personal or official integrity, and this has been done as the time is approaching when I shall voluntarily retire from the service of my country. I feel proudly conscious that there is no public act of my life which will not bear the strictest scrutiny. I defy all investigation. Nothing but the basest perjury can sully my good name. I do not fear even this, because I cherish an humble confidence that the Gracious Being who has hitherto defended and protected me against the shafts of falsehood and malice will not desert me now when I have become "old and gray-headed." I can declare before God and my country that no human being, with an exception scarcely worthy of notice, has any period of my life dared to approach me with a corrupt or dishonorable proposition; and until recent developments it had never entered into my imagination that any person, even in the storm of exasperated political excitement, would charge me, in the most remote degree, with having made such a proposition to any human being. I may now, however, exclaim, in the language of complaint employed by my first and greatest predecessor, that I have been abused "in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, to a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pick-pocket."

* * * * * * *

A SOLEMN PROTEST.

* * * * * * *

I do, therefore, for the reasons stated, and in the name of the people of the several States, solemnly protest against these proceedings of the House of Representatives; because they are in violation of the rights of a co-ordinate Executive branch of the Government, and subversive of its constitutional independence; because they are calculated to foster a band of interested parasites and informers, ever ready for their own advantage to swear before *ex parte* Committees to pretended private conversations between the President and themselves, incapable, from their nature, of being disproved, thus furnishing material for harassing him, degrading him in the eyes of the country, and eventually, should he be a weak or timid man, rendering him subservient to improper influences, in order to avoid such persecutions and annoyances; because they tend to destroy that harmonious action for the common good which ought to be maintained, and which I sincerely desire to cherish between the co-ordinate branches of the Government; and finally, because, if unresisted, they would establish a precedent dangerous and embarrassing to all my successors, to whatever political party they might be attached.

Washington, *March* 28, 1860. James Buchanan.

THE BATTLE OF ANTON LIZARDO.

The following dispatches have been published, giving details of the late sea-fight:

CAPTAIN JARVIS TO SECRETARY TOUCEY.

United States Ship "Savannah,"
Off Vera Cruz, *March* 8, 1860.

Sir,—* * * On the 6th inst, two vessels, apparently men-of-war, appeared at anchor off Antigua, a small place about fourteen miles to the northward of this, without any colors flying. After lying there some time they got under way, and proceeded to the southward and eastward. They paid no attention to the flags on board of the men-of-war, nor to the castle, from which a gun was fired to call their attention to the fact. They treated all with contempt, and proceeded to Anton Lizardo, where they came to anchor. Under these circumstances, I felt it my duty to ascertain who they were. I therefore sent the United States ship *Saratoga*, Commander Turner, upon that duty. As the wind was directly ahead, I availed myself of the offer of two small steamers to take him in tow. For further particulars of the unfortunate occurrence that took place afterward, I must refer you to Commander Turner's report. I do not see how it was possible for Commander Turner to do otherwise than he did, and I think that he and the other officers deserve great credit for their promptness in defending their flag. I shall send the two steamers to New Orleans as soon as possible, and I have ordered Commander Jenkens, of the *Preble*, who will accompany them with the prisoners, after delivering the steamers to the United States Marshal, to take the prize crews on board his vessel and proceed to Pensacola for provisions.

* * * * * * *

THE FIRST SHOTS FIRED.

Commander Turner reports as follows to Captain Jarvis:

* * * * * * *

I proceeded down the coast, making Anton Lizardo, fifteen miles distant, where I expected to find them [the Spanish steamers] about midnight. Two large vessels were reported at anchor at Anton Lizardo. I stood directly for them. I had directed my pilot to anchor me immediately between the two vessels. At the moment when I had nearly reached this point, and the tow off, both the little steamers being ahead of me, they hailed and reported that the larger steamer of the two was under way and endeavoring to escape through the southern passage. I hailed, and ordered them to pursue him and get on board him if possible, as I was ordered to communicate with the senior officer, who I supposed was on board of this vessel. At the same moment I fired a shot ahead of him to bring him to. As soon as they got close to him, which was but a few moments, to my extreme astonishment he opened a heavy fire of great guns and musketry upon them, and it was reported to me at the same time that the other steamer was slipping her cable. I immediately gave him a broadside, as I had not the remotest doubt of his being in complicity with and under the orders of the officer of the other steamer, and I was afraid he would go to his assistance, in which case I should have been obliged to recall my vessels or to have witnessed their capture and destruction; and as he had the audacity to fire into me without any provocation whatever, I was determined to seize him if I could. He ran up the Spanish flag as soon as I fired.

CAPTURE OF THE "MIRAMON."

In the mean time the larger steamer was hotly engaged with the forces on board my two little steamers in a running fight. Finding he could not get out of the southern passage, he immediately changed his course, put his head to the northward and passed inside of me to gain the northern passage and to keep out of the way of my guns, followed by my vessels, warmly engaged with him all the time. He was evidently too fast for and was gaining upon them; as he shot ahead of them I got a gun to bear upon him and shot away his smoke stack. I found now that it was impossible to fire without danger to my vessels, as they were all together. The chase was continued, and in the midst of the hot fire on either side I could not but admire, at this moment, the daring gallantry of these fine fellows, contending with such a superior force. They closed in upon and grappled with him, in spite of his efforts to shake them off. Finding it impossible to escape, I suppose he ran his vessel on shore; at all events, pressed closely by them, she grounded, which I was not aware of at the time. They were then distant about a mile from my ship, and my anxiety was intense for their safety. I could afford them no possible aid. My three largest cutters were on board, and before I could have manned my boats and got to them the affair would have been ended. I was not, however, kept long in suspense, for almost immediately I heard three cheers, and was informed that they were boarding her over the bows, which could be distinctly seen by our glasses.

THE "MARQUEZ" TRIES TO ESCAPE, BUT IS CAUGHT.

I now return to the steamer at anchor close to me. While the engagement continued between the other vessels, and at the moment they were passing this ship, the First Lieutenant, who was on the poop, called me to say that this steamer was firing musketry. I directed again a division of guns to be given him, which was done. I then hailed and ordered him on board. As he did not come at once I sent Lieutenant Chapman on board to say if he did not instantly come on board I would send a guard to bring him. He came on board, and informed me, in answer to my inquiries, that his ship was the *Marquez*, of Havana; that he had been employed by Captain Marin, who commanded the other ship, to transport stores and munitions of war, and that he was Spanish. In the mean time I had sent an officer to bring Captain Marin on board. As soon as he reached my cabin I asked him how he had dared to fire upon my vessels. He replied unhesitatingly, and in the presence of a witness, that when he observed my vessels steering into the harbor he had informed his crew that he was sure they were American vessels of war, and positively had forbidden them to fire, but that it was a mixed crew of various nations, having been but recently taken on board, and not being yet properly disciplined he found it impossible to control them.

I observed that it was a great outrage, for which he would have to answer, which he pretended most deeply to regret; all of which I knew to be untrue, because during the action he was distinctly heard calling upon his men to board with him.

* * * * * * *

WHAT SORT OF VESSELS THEY WERE.

It only remains for me to speak of the force and armament of these vessels, as far as I have been able to ascertain them. The larger steamer, called the *Miramon*, carries two broadside, one pivot gun, and several howitzers, with a crew of about one hundred men. I am not positive as to the calibre of her guns. Supposing she would follow me up yesterday, I expected to have been able to give a minute account of her, but she is still aground.

The *Marquez* of Havana carries also one pivot and two broadside guns, with about seventy persons on board. Her pivot gun is a heavy twenty-four pounder. The captain of this last vessel threw overboard quantities of ammunition, much of which was picked up floating in the harbor by my boats in chests and kegs. When he was taken possession of, his guns were all dismounted and lying upon the deck beside of the carriages, which I have no doubt was done after he found he was captured, and before I could get a boat on board of him.

He assumes to be an armed vessel, and his papers of clearance do not speak of his having any guns on board, yet his armament is such as I have reported it, and there is not a doubt but that his vessel was equipped at Havana as a part of the force with which Captain Marin was to act on this coast.

HICKS HELD AS A PIRATE.

Albert W. Hicks, *alias* Johnson, of oyster-sloop notoriety, was committed on Thursday by Commissioner White on charges of murder and robbery at sea—either punishable with death. The testimony went further in establishing his identity as having been engaged on the sloop *E. A. Johnson* on her last trip; his name was found on the sloop's articles. The watch found on his person was identified by a watchmaker, from his business record, as that left with him twelve months ago to be cleaned for a Mr. Burr.

EXECUTION OF JOHN CRUMMINS.

John Crummins was executed at the City Prison on Friday morning, Governor Morgan having finally determined, at a late hour on Thursday night, not to interfere with the due course of law. Crummins made a brief speech when led to the gallows, in which he acknowledged the commission of the crime for which he was to suffer, but stated that he did not intend to kill M'Henry. He died easily. The Governor's refusal to grant a respite has been highly commended by thinking people.

THE "NORWAY" TRAGEDY.

We read in the Hartford *Times* of March 26:

"We published in a late number of the *Times* a notice of the death at sea, December 6, five days from China, of Mrs. Antoinette Johnson, wife of Captain Henry W. Johnson, and daughter of Captain Samuel Kellogg, of East Hartford. Her death was soon followed by that of her infant son, not two months old.

"The facts, as further developed by the arrival of the vessel at Havana, are of the saddest character. Mrs. Johnson left her parents, in East Hartford, a year or more ago, with great reluctance, to join her husband in China, where he had command of a vessel. Her desire to join him in that far-off region overcame her reluctance to leave her parents, and she went—only to fall a victim to the disorders which are there very apt to attack a stranger. She was attacked by dysentery, and in her illness gave birth to a child. As soon as it was practicable, Captain J. placed her on a homeward-bound vessel, in charge of a Chinese nurse, and in company with her infant and older child.

"It appears there were one thousand coolies aboard, bound for Cuba, and a mutiny occurred. They set fire to the ship and endeavored to force the hatches. The crew were so frightened that they tried to seize the boats and quit the ship, but an Englishman threatened to shoot the first man who left the ship, and the crew then went to the assistance of the officers and fought with the coolies all night. Thirty of the poor creatures were killed, and more than ninety wounded, before the mutiny was quelled. Mrs. Johnson and her child, ill and suffering, died of fright. The child's body was preserved in spirits and brought to America. The loss of his estimable daughter is a sad blow to Captain Kellogg and his family, who had prepared for a joyful welcome of their long-absent and favorite on her expected return."

EXECUTION OF A WOMAN IN MINNESOTA.

We learn from the St. Paul *Pioneer*, of March 24, that Mrs. Bilansky was hanged on Friday, the 23d. The crime alleged against her was that of poisoning her husband on the 12th of March, 1859. Every effort had been made by her counsel to secure her acquittal, but without effect. She escaped once from the hall of the jail, and, after a week's absence, was retaken with a person said to be her paramour. At the scaffold the following scene occurred, in the presence of about one hundred persons, among whom were a number of Dacotah or Sioux Indians, who had come to witness this exhibition of Christian civilization.

When the prisoner arrived upon the platform, she was led forward, and kneeled upon the drop, the clergy, jailer, and the Sisters of Charity, and other ladies, in the same posture around her. About five minutes were then spent in reading prayers by the clergy, in which she seemed to take a deep interest. Upon rising, she was asked if she had any thing to say. She said:

"I die without having had any mercy shown me, or justice. I die for the good of my soul, and not for murder. May you all profit by my death! Your courts of justice are *not* courts of justice; but I will yet get justice in heaven. I am a guilty woman, I know; but not of this murder, which was committed by another. I forgive every body who did me wrong. I die a sacrifice to the law. I hope you all may be judged better than I have been, and by a more righteous judge. I am prepared to meet my God."

Dr. Miller, the deputy sheriff, then approached her with the rope, when she exclaimed, "Dr. Miller, how can you stain your hands by putting that rope around my neck—the instrument of my death?"

He assured her that duty compelled him to do it; and she made no resistance, and only said, "Do, for God's sake, put it on so it will not suffocate me."

After it had been arranged, Dr. Miller took the black cap from his pocket, and proceeded to put it on her head, when she said, "Be sure that my face is well covered."

All this took place in less time than it will take to read it, during which she said several times, "God have mercy—God have mercy on my soul!" Her last words were, "Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul."

THE FINAL SCENE.

She was requested to take a step forward on the drop, and then, every thing being prepared, Dr. Miller made a motion to Sheriff Tullis, who pulled the fatal rope, and in an instant she fell. The fall was about four feet, and the machinery was so nicely adjusted that the noise was scarcely heard outside of the inclosure.

There was scarcely any movement in the body after it dropped, a slight convulsive motion and a heaving of the chest was all that was observed.

The body was allowed to hang about twenty minutes, during which time prayers were read audibly by the clergy, who remained kneeling on the platform.

The physicians having examined the body several times, then stated to the sheriff that life was extinct, and she was cut down, and placed in a plain black coffin that had been placed in front of the gallows during the whole period of the execution.

Her demeanor on the scaffold was excellent. She was not defiant or stoical, neither did she shed a tear. It is the opinion of many that she expected a pardon or reprieve to the last moment.

The most disgusting feature connected with the affair, says the *Pioneer*, was the eagerness and persistency with which females sought to obtain eligible places to view the dying agonies of one of their own sex.

A MASTER MURDERED BY HIS SLAVES.

The Petersburg *Express* of March 27 has the following:

"We learn from a friend residing in Burkeville, Nottoway County, that a most shocking and brutal murder was perpetrated within three-quarters of a mile of that place on yesterday morning about one o'clock, the victim being Hiram Fowlkes, Esq., and his murderers his own servants. The deed was found out about half past six o'clock—some five hours and a half after its commission—traces of blood being discovered by the members of the family, and traced up until the mutilated body of Mr. Fowlkes was found about half a mile from the house, on the side of the Southside Railroad, covered with sand. The traces were also found to lead from one of the kitchens occupied by a portion of the servants of the deceased, and blood was found upon some of their clothing. The negroes were also seen at an early hour covering up the blood, as it since proves, along the road, which had fallen as they conveyed the body away; and the horse which he generally rides was found tied to a limb near to where he lay, and had, apparently, trampled on his face. The authorities of the county, as soon as aware of the crime, commenced prompt measures toward the investigation of the affair, and fixed eleven o'clock for the time of the holding of the inquest. Previous to the leaving of the mail train for this city, our informant learned that the negroes were in custody and had confessed the crime. It appears, also, that at about one o'clock, near which hour the murder occurred, the deceased, hearing a noise in the kitchen, left the house and went to the kitchen to ascertain the cause of it. He did not return again. It is supposed that they then and there seized and dispatched him before he could recover from among them. Mr. Fowlkes was a highly respectable gentleman, and was well known in this city as well as in the county in which he lived. He leaves several children."

A LADY ON A COW-CATCHER.

A singular accident occurred on Monday evening last on the Central Railroad at Waterloo, says the Rochester *Union*, by which a lady of that village had a gratuitous ride before a locomotive, and narrowly escaped a terrible death by being crushed beneath the wheels of the engine. As the mail train, due here 11:30 last night, was coming into Waterloo at 8.40, Mr. Wright, the engineer of the locomotive "General Gould," saw a lady running along one of the streets toward the train. Not supposing that she intended to cross the track ahead of the train, he kept on his way running slowly, perhaps five or six miles per hour. The lady, probably deceived somewhat by the speed of the train or the distance it was from her, attempted to cross the track ahead of the engine, but did not succeed. She was struck by the small snow-plow or pilot, and fell upon it in such a manner that she rode quite safely for ten rods or more. The engineer, the instant that he saw how summarily he had taken up a passenger, shut off steam, reversed, and by the application of the brakes stopped the train as soon as possible. He ran to the lady, and found that she was not so much injured but that she was able to walk and speak. She was somewhat disconcerted by the accident, but expressed the belief that she had received no serious injury. It was a miraculous escape from a dreadful death.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SAVOY QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

On the 13th, in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell laid upon the table further correspondence relative to the affairs of Italy, and explained the attitude of the Government both as regards Italy and Savoy. He asserted that hostility all along had been shown to the contemplated annexation of Savoy to France, and that as regards Italy the policy of the Government was dictated by the sole desire of securing the permanent peace of that country.

Several opposition members, including Mr. Disraeli, denounced the conduct of the Government, and asserted that the policy pursued had promoted the views of France with regard to Savoy.

Lord Palmerston defended the Government, and stated his conviction that if the great Powers objected France would not persist in the annexation.

After further debate the correspondence was ordered to be laid on the table.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" COMING TO NEW YORK.

We read in the London *Observer* of March 12: "At the recent meeting of the shareholders of the Great Ship Company it was agreed to raise an additional sum of £100,000, in order to complete and equip the great ship for sea, making the total nominal capital of the company £430,000. The additional capital is to carry a preference dividend of seventeen and a half per cent., payable out of the first profits of the company; and the directors have the power of redeeming the new shares after the expiration of two years, on giving three months' notice and payment of a bonus of twenty per cent.

"Captain Robertson, of the Board of Trade, has made a minute and careful examination of the ship, and has stated the alterations which will be required to be made before the Board of Trade will grant their certificate. Many of these requirements are of a very trifling character, but the whole of the works required can be completed in about two months. It is expected that the ship will be able to start for New York about the same time that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada, and will, it is hoped, be able to accompany the royal squadron." Circulars have been issued to the present shareholders, requesting them to send in applications for the new shares, and up to last night applications for nearly £20,000 had been received at the offices of the company."

THE SOCIAL EVIL IN LONDON.

A second meeting of unfortunate females took place lately at midnight, at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. At the hour named some 300 females of the unfortunate class, many of whom were most fashionably attired, assembled (in accordance with invitations which were indiscriminately issued at the *cafés* and other places of resort in the locality) to partake of tea, coffee, and refreshments. Subsequently addresses were delivered by several ministers and gentlemen, with a view to induce any of the females of the class named to enter their names as candidates for admission to various reformatories, arrangements having previously been made for this purpose. The vicinity of the hall was crowded by persons anxious for admission, who were refused unless provided with tickets from the committee who organized the movement. A similar meeting will shortly be held at the East-end of London.

FATAL RESULT OF REVIVALS.

Sarah Alderson, a servant girl with Mrs. Dale, of Newport, below Stockton-on-Tees, returned a few weeks since from a Methodist revival meeting in a fearful state of mind. Her very features were affected. She said she had been converted. Her companions and she had been so frightened by the influence of the service that they had to be accompanied home. The preacher had said something about the girl taking care of herself or the devil would get her. Her friends had no control over her. She became delirious, and was sent home. She escaped from them during the night, and was found next morning in the cow-byre, holding two of the cows by the tail, singing hymns and songs, and shouting and praying. All means to restore her rationality failed. She was sent to Newport, raving mad.

A FATAL JOKE.

"There is now in a female lunatic asylum at Hammersmith," says the London *Court Circular*, "a lady of exquisite beauty, who was driven mad by being suddenly startled by her maid. The lady's name is H——, and she resided with her husband, Mr. H——, a wealthy sharebroker, at a splendid mansion in Cavendish Square. One evening about six weeks ago, she strolled in the dusk into her husband's library to procure a book. The lady's maid saw her enter the apartment, and in a mere frolic concealed herself behind the curtains belonging to the window, until her mistress had placed her hand upon the work she came in search of, when she suddenly sprang upon her with a loud shout. The lady was so astounded by the shock that she was struck almost senseless. Delirium ensued; confirmed madness followed, which has ever since continued without abatement, to a degree dangerous to all who come near her. Her propensities are fierce and vicious; she tries to bite at all who approach her, and it is more than probable she will never recover her reason."

FRANCE.

A SAD CARNIVAL.

A Paris letter says: "This has been a remarkably sad Carnival, as far as regards out-door amusements, although there have been a good many public and private balls. The slush in the streets on Mardi Gras was so formidable that scarcely a Pierrot was to be seen on the Boulevards. The gods and goddesses who ride in triumphal cars in the procession of the Bœuf Gras were shivering in the northeast wind and suffering visibly from catarrh. The only remarkable feature in the conduct of the annual ceremony was the abandonment of the innovation of sticking the fat ox upon the top of a car. This time he walked as of old."

THE LAST GRAND FANCY BALL.

A magnificent fancy ball has been given by M. Fould, Minister of State, at which all the rank and fashion of Paris were present. The rooms were decorated with the greatest taste, and the ladies' dresses were splendid. Powder was very generally worn, and the Princess Mathilde was one of the many who had selected that style of arranging the hair. The Emperor and Empress were in domino, and seemed much amused with the gayety of the scene. The Princess Clotilda and Prince Napoleon were also present. The display of jewels was extraordinary, and the curious variety of the beautiful dresses when dancing commenced rendered the scene most striking. A splendid supper was given at half past one, and dancing continued afterward till four in the morning. On the preceding evening Count de Chasse-loup-Laubat gave a grand ball at the hotel of the Ministry of Algeria and the Colonies, in the Place Beauveau. Every thing was arranged on the grandest scale, and the fête was brilliant.

ITALY.

THE TRANSFER OF ALLEGIANCE BY VOTE.

The Sardinian Government is said to have consented to the demand of France for the cession of Savoy and Nice by a special treaty between France and Piedmont—the treaty to be followed by the vote of the municipalities of the ceded territory. The total result of the voting in Tuscany on the question of annexation to Piedmont, was as follows: Total number inscribed, 386,446; for annexation, 366,571; for a separate kingdom, 14,925; canceled, 4949. In the Æmilian Provinces, the numbers in favor of annexation to Piedmont are as follows: The Romagna, 202,659; Modena, 115,621; Parma, 88,511. The number of votes for a separate kingdom had not been yet announced in the Provinces.

THE SAVOY QUESTION.

Proclamations by the Governor of Savoy were posted up in all the parishes of that country, notifying that the inhabitants will soon be called upon to vote upon the question of the maintenance of the union with Sardinia or annexation to France, according to the form prescribed by Parliament.

It was stated that England supports the demand of Sardinia to ascertain the wishes of the people of Savoy and Nice by universal suffrage.

FERMENTATION IN SICILY.

The fermentation continues very great in Sicily. Pigeons are let fly decorated with the Italian national colors, fire-works are discharged, and cries raised of "*Viva l'Italie.*" At Palermo the prisons are overflowing with the persons arrested.

The English fleet had arrived at Naples, part of which had anchored in the port, the other part proceeding to Castellamare. This event caused great sensation for several nights. Tri-colored cockades have been scattered in the streets. Fresh arrests of shopkeepers and porters had taken place. The military preparations continued, and the works at the arsenals were carried on without intermission. The formation of a moveable column to reinforce the army of the frontier is spoken of; it would be commanded by the King.

THE POSITION OF PIEDMONT.

The following letters have been published.

COUNT CAVOUR TO BARON RICASOLI AT FLORENCE.

"EXCELLENCY,—Baron Talleyrand yesterday, by order of the French Government, read to me and left me a copy of the dispatch which I here communicate to you. It contains the exposition of the ideas of the Emperor of the French regarding the settlement of the Italian question, ideas which may be briefly stated as follows:

"The duchies of Parma and Modena to be at once annexed to Piedmont without again consulting universal suffrage. The Romagna to form a vicariate, placed under the high sovereignty of the Holy See, and governed by his Majesty, who is at once to assume their administration. Tuscany to be constituted into a separate kingdom under a prince freely elected by the population.

"France expresses no preference with respect to the choice of the future sovereign; but, according to verbal and authentic assurances, the election of a prince of the house of Savoy would be opposed by France.

"After having taken his Majesty's orders, I have replied to Baron Talleyrand that the King's Government will not oppose any obstacle in the way of the proposed settlement; that it would transmit the above proposals to the Governments of Tuscany and the Æmilian Provinces, and would intrust them to the wisdom of the men who administer public matters in those countries.

"Whatever the result of the vote may be the King's Government declares beforehand its readiness to abide by it, since it has never had any other view but that of securing the peace and organization of Italy, by giving lawful satisfaction to the wishes of the people.

"CAVOUR."

THE ATTITUDE OF TUSCANY.

Baron Ricasoli replied as follows:

"FLORENCE, *March* 4, 1860.

"Tuscany is intelligent enough to perceive that the period of municipalism is past; the idea of nationality has taken its place. The mission of the Government of the 27th April was to free the country from Austrian slavery, and to seek a guarantee for the future in union with Sardinia. The attitude of Tuscany during the last ten months has confirmed the mission, and proved that the union and the manifestation against Austria are not produced by a mere inconsiderate enthusiasm in favor of Sardinia."

The dispatch explains the motives by which, in accord with M. Farini, he had decided in favor of another vote at the period of the convocation of the Sardinian Parliament:

"Every thing," he observes, "concurred to show that we were fully justified in our desire to escape from a dangerous position. I afterward received your Excellency's dispatch of the 29th ult. I considered it the bounden duty of the Tuscan Government to inform the Tuscans of the views of France. It is enough for me that the appeal to universal suffrage is not in contradiction with the wishes of the Emperor, who has very great and numerous claims to the gratitude of this population and of all Italy. The Tuscan Cabinet can not incur the responsibility of a definitive resolution, but it fully guarantees the freedom of the vote."

MEXICO.

MIRAMON IN RETREAT.

We have dates from Vera Cruz to 22d.

The bombardment continued till the morning of the 17th, when Miramon attacked the city, but after half an hour's combat was repulsed with considerable loss.

There were from two to five hundred women and children in the Castle.

The bombardment was resumed the same day with renewed vigor, doing much damage. One bomb burst in the American Consulate, which seemed an especial mark for Miramon.

Another assault was attempted on the night of the 19th, but was quickly repulsed.

Carvajal's force captured a convoy of fifteen wagons, loaded with munitions and provisions, and from two to four hundred dollars in specie, near Jalapa, destined for Miramon's army, and dispersed the guard of 700 men.

Miramon raised the siege on the 21st, and withdrew toward the capital.

After the capture of Marin's steamers Miramon sent a decree to the capital confiscating all American property and ordering Americans sent out of the country.

THE BRITISH PLAN FOR SETTLING MEXICO.

A confidential note of the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, dated London, January 26, 1860, and addressed to the British Chargé d'Affaires to Mexico, contains the following paragraphs:

"Her Majesty's Government would see with satisfaction an armistice for six months or a year, with the object of convening a National Assembly, fairly elected, which might provide for the future government of the country.

"Her Majesty's Government does not presume in any manner to prescribe the form of such government; but it should be of such a nature as to promise stability and order. With this view, the Executive should have a character of permanence.

"A general amnesty should be decreed, and civil and religious toleration should be proclaimed, because it is only through some concessions by each of the parties to the contest that the re-establishment of peace can be hoped for.

"If this advice, offered for the good of Mexico, be not accepted, Her Britannic Majesty's Government will have no other resource than to demand from the two parties reparation commensurate with the injuries suffered by British subjects.

"You will read this dispatch and deposit a copy with the Minister of Relations, communicating it likewise to Captain Aldham, for the Government of Vera Cruz, and you will take measures to transmit to that officer all propositions which the General Government may have to make with a view to an accommodation.

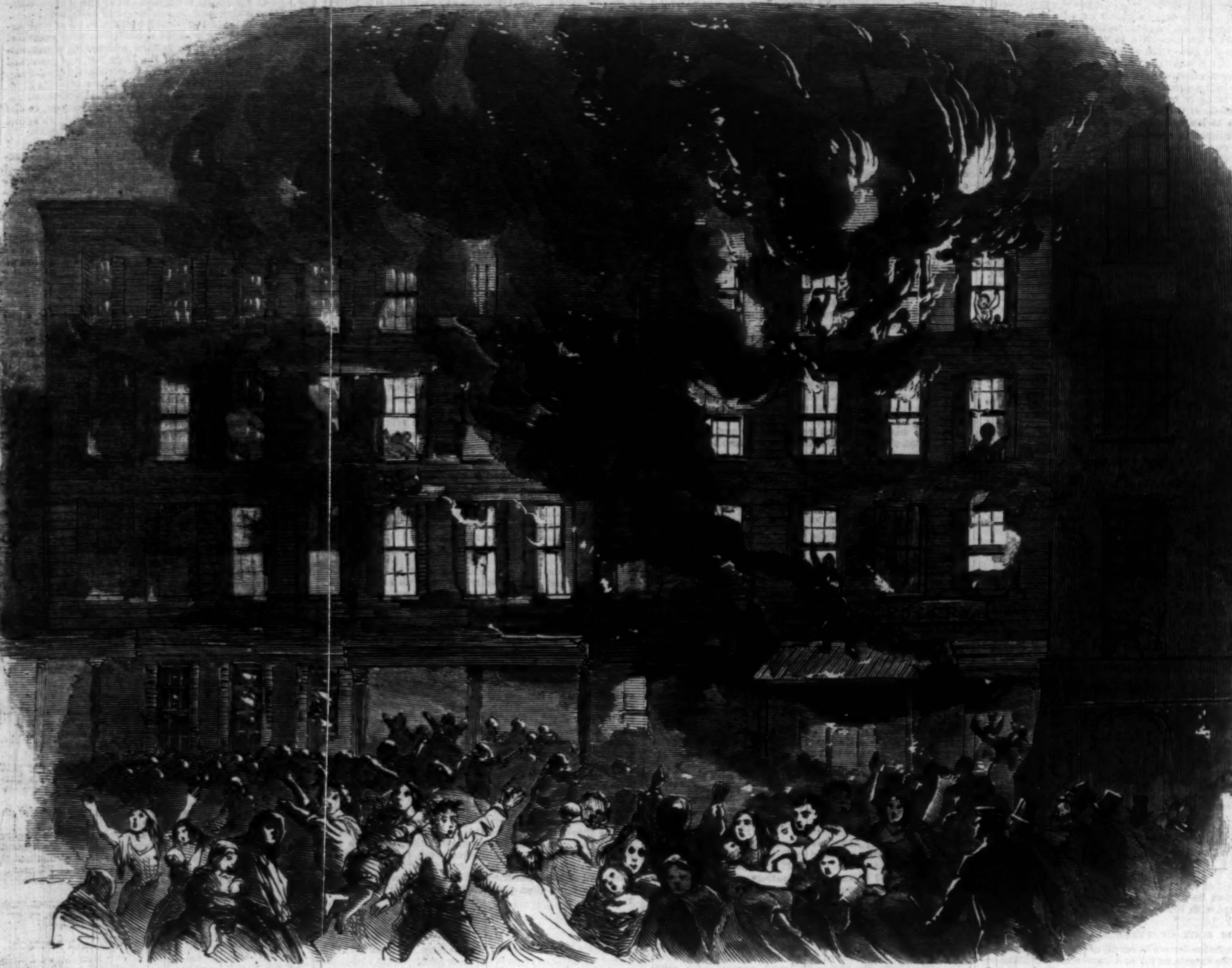
"This dispatch was commenced before the Message of the President of the United States arrived here. The President proposes to depart from the established policy of the United States, with a view of giving the Liberal party, under M. Juarez, a triumph over the Church party, under General Miramon. But Her Majesty's Government has no hope of seeing peace re-established by the triumph, through forcible means, of either of the two parties.

I have the honor, etc.,

"JOHN RUSSELL."

A DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

A newspaper published at Coloma, Mexico, tells the following frightful story, and calls upon the public to punish the criminals: "When General Pueblita entered the town of Ayo he exacted a forced loan from the people, and a share of it fell upon the curate of the place. The curate acted as though he would pay, but he did not make his appearance at the point designated for payment, and General Pueblita ordered him to be arrested. A party of men went to his dwelling and knocked at the door. There was no answer, and they broke in. They found no one in the house, and were about to leave it, when they heard a frightful voice proceeding from the ground, saying, 'I am hungry!' The officer in command went back to General Pueblita, and told him about the voice. The General appointed a commission to examine the house. This commission went to the curate's dwelling, and, after a careful examination, they found a moveable stone in the floor, and under this was a stairway leading down to a vault, which was entirely dark, and had no connection with the air save the staircase and a small hole that served as a ventilator. In this vault they found some books, a few articles of furniture, and a woman who had been shut up there for eighteen years. She was taken to General Pueblita's quarters. When brought into the light, where she saw a number of persons, she fainted. After she had returned to her senses a thousand questions were asked her, to which she replied only that she had been buried in the vault for eighteen years, without going out for a moment; that she had been married, and had children by her husband, but she knew nothing of their fate; that, while imprisoned in the vault, she had had children by the curate, but she knew nothing of what had become of these children, and after saying this much she became obstinately silent. While this was passing a sergeant of the Pueblita brigade then present discovered that this woman was his mother, and she recognized him as her son and embraced him. The son then ran for his father, who came and recognized his wife. The husband, fifteen years ago, was imprisoned three years on the charge of having murdered his wife, this woman."



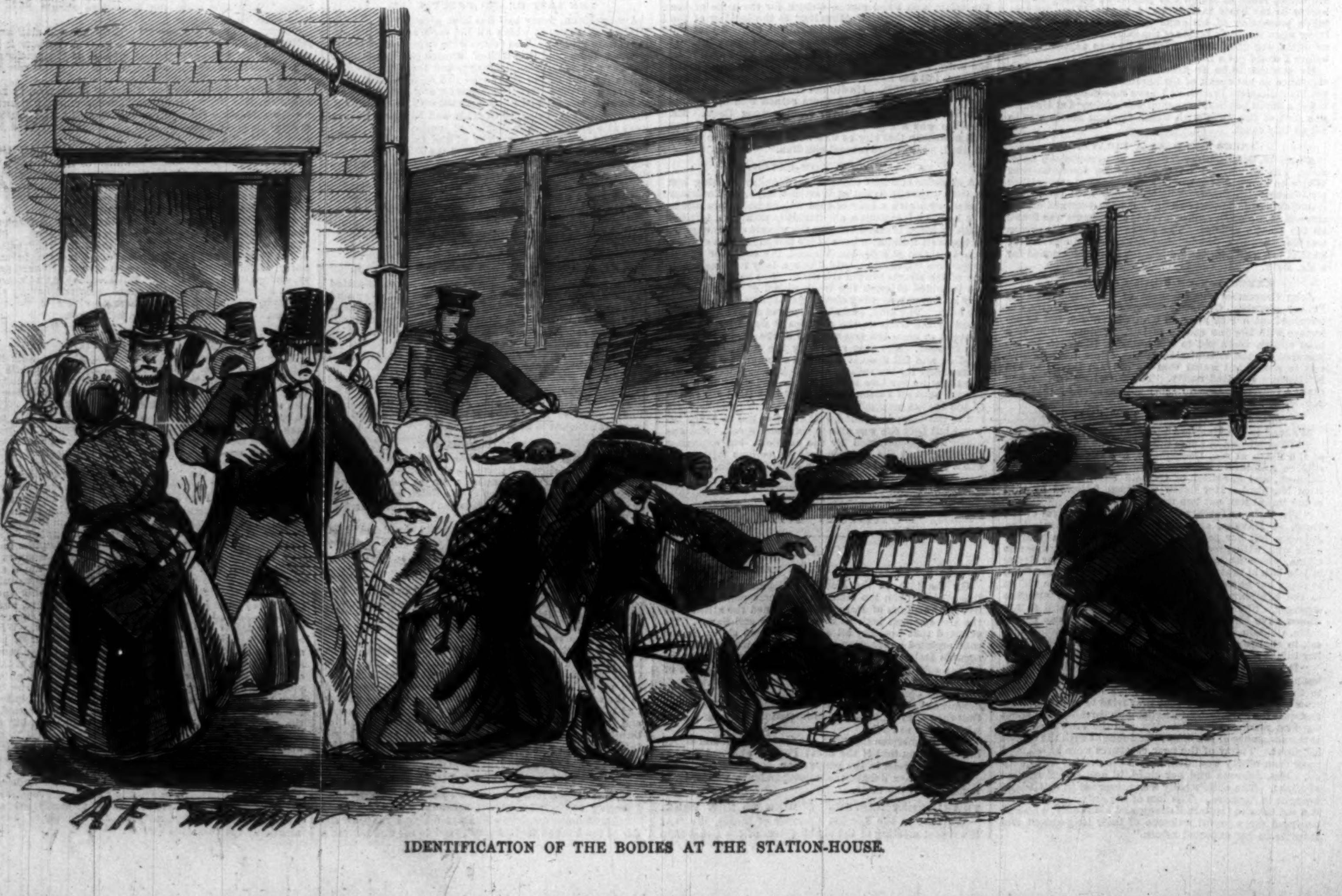
TERRIBLE FIRE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE, FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1860.

ANOTHER TENEMENT-HOUSE MASSACRE.

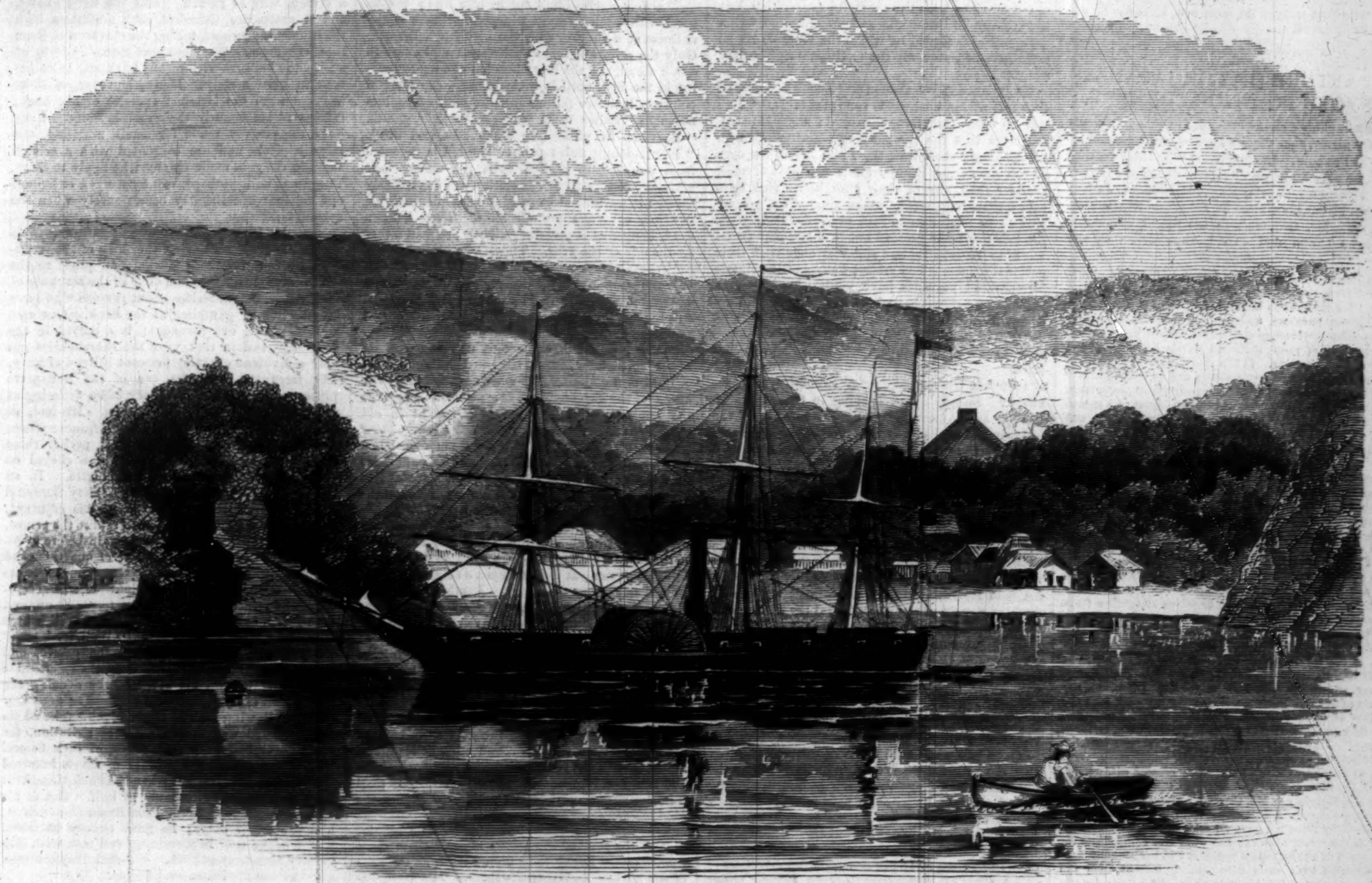
We publish herewith engravings of the terrible fire in a tenement-house in Forty-fifth Street, which took place on the morning of 28th ultimo. The following account is from the *Herald:*

Between one and two o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in a four-story frame dwelling at No. 90 West Forty-fifth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. The alarm brought the firemen to the premises, and every exertion was made to save the lives of the occupants. Several were taken from the second and third stories fronting the street, but the rear windows could not be reached so quickly—hence the terrible loss of human life.

It seems the Fire Marshal, among others, was quickly at the scene; he states that all access to the upper part of the house was prevented in consequence of the stairs



IDENTIFICATION OF THE BODIES AT THE STATION-HOUSE.



DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE ENVOYS—RESIDENCE OF U. S. MINISTER HARRIS AT SIMODA, JAPAN.—[See next Page.]

from the first flight being on fire. In his opinion the fire originated on or under the first flight of stairs. With such rapidity did the fire ascend, that but a few minutes elapsed before the flames burst through the roof. At the fourth story window in the rear a woman was seen standing; she was told by the persons in the yard not to jump, but it was of no avail; the fire pressed on her, and rather than be burned alive, she sprang from the window and struck with full force on the ground in the yard. She was immediately picked up; her head and face were streaming with blood, and it was subsequently ascertained that her left thigh was broken. She informed the Fire Marshal that her name was Jane M'Anally, twenty-eight years of age; that she was on a visit to the family of Thomas Bennett. She further stated that Mrs. Bennett and her four children were on that story at the time she sprang out of the window. The police procured a carriage and conveyed the injured woman to the New York Hospital.

The flames raged with considerable fury, and the whole upper part of the house was soon destroyed, when the smouldering beams fell to the first floor.

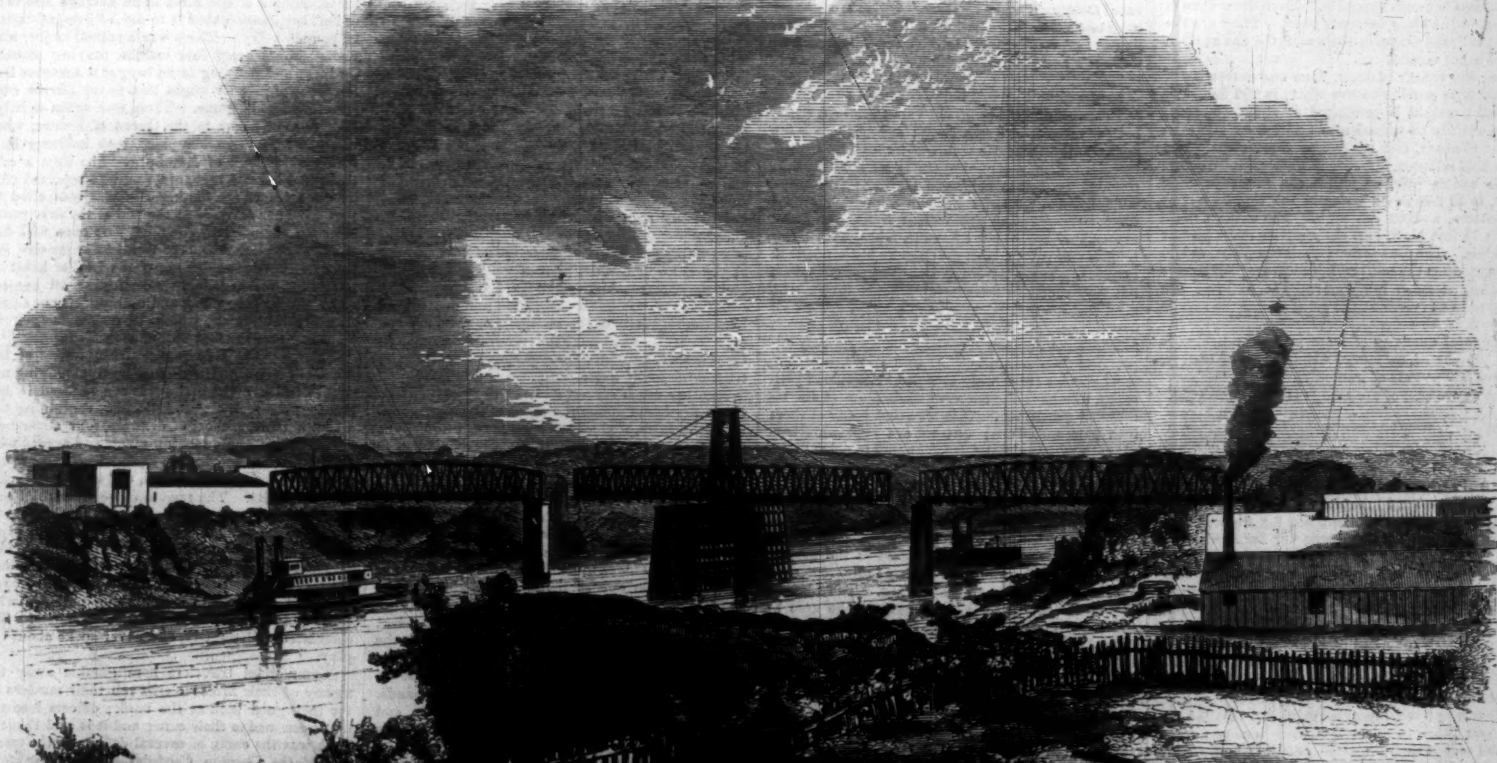
Thomas Bennett, who is employed in the stage stables of the Sixth Avenue Railroad Company, occupied apartments on the fourth story, rear. His family consisted of his wife and four children. Mr. Bennett was not at home when the fire broke out. While the fire was raging Mr. Bennett was running about distracted, inquiring the whereabouts of his family, but no one could give him the least satisfaction.

Andrew Wheelan was also employed at the stables, and was not at home. He occupied apartments on the third floor, rear rooms. His family consisted of his wife and four children. He, like Mr. Bennet' was also making inquiries about his family, but no one could give him any tidings about them.

In about an hour after the commencement of the fire the firemen partly subdued the flames, so as to permit access to the ruins of the burned building. Fire Marshal Baker entered the room on the first floor and discovered the first body. It was that of a young person; but the top part of the skull was burned off, and the arms and legs mostly burned away. It exhibited but a charred trunk, beyond recognition. In searching about with his lantern he found the body of a child, also terribly burned; and in the same room he found the body of an infant.

These bodies were removed carefully by the firemen, under the direction of Engineer Rush, to the Twenty-second Ward Station-house. The firemen continued the search for bodies, and the next found was the body of a grown person, hanging head downward, jammed against the stairs on the floor of the second story, resting partly on an iron bedstead. Close in this vicinity a woman and two children were found together on the remains of a bed, supposed to be a mother and her children. The remaining bodies were taken out, numbering ten in all, and conveyed to the station-house.

The first story of the house was occupied by Martin Redman and family; he kept a grocery and liquor store, and slept in the room back of the store. Mr. Redman says that his wife woke him and asked if he had put coal in the stove, as she heard a crackling noise. He replied no. He then got out of bed, opened the door leading to the hall, and then saw that the flames were burning on the stairs and along the entry. He and his family escaped in safety. Mr. Nolan and family, who occupied the second story, fronting the street, made their escape out of the window to the piazza, and the family on the



RAILROAD BRIDGE AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—[See next Page.]

third floor front escaped the same way, all egress by the stairs being cut off.

DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE ENVOYS FOR THIS COUNTRY.

The Japanese envoys who are to visit this country are already on their way, and will be heard of soon at Panama. In connection with their coming visit we give a picture of the residence of our consul, Townsend Harris, Esq., at Simoda, Japan, sketched from the United States steam frigate *Mississippi*. Mr. Oliphant, in his recent admirable work on China and Japan, thus describes the scene:

"At the head of the Bay of Simoda, and about a mile distant from the town, is situated a pleasant grove of trees. Its mysterious shades are dedicated, doubtless, to religious purposes, and conceal in their solemn recesses some picturesque old temple, in which, for an untold number of years, shriveled priests have performed their sacred functions. It is a spot eminently suggestive of repose and religious retirement; and we could scarcely believe our eyes when, on bringing our telescopes to bear, we distinguished fluttering among the leaves of a sacred Bo-tree the well-known combination of red, white, and blue which forms the national flag of our transatlantic cousins. Yet so it is; the stars and stripes wave proudly over the premises originally occupied by some recent incarnation of Buddh; and Mr. Harris, the American consul, has converted the shrine of that divinity into a four-poster. We learn all this from Mr. Hewsken, Mr. Harris's secretary, who comes off to visit us before we have had time to land, and who brings Lord Elgin an offer of services on the part of the American consul.

"I landed with Lord Elgin to pay Mr. Harris a visit. The external aspect of his abode, as seen from the ship, did not belie its romantic character upon a closer acquaintance. Had one wished to retire altogether from the cares and anxieties of this troublesome world, it would be difficult to conceive a retreat more perfectly adapted for the purpose. When, however, entire and total seclusion is the result rather of necessity than choice, it is small consolation to feel that you are imprisoned in a corner admirably suited to a recluse. Often, in the course of his wanderings, the traveler is struck with the charms of some silent nook in this bustling universe. His first impression is, 'What a delightful spot for a hermit!'—his next, 'How I should pity the poor wretch!' For disciples of Zimmerman, notwithstanding, or lovers in a Petrarchian state, Japan offers greater attractions, probably, than any other country in the globe, but neither Mr. Harris nor Mr. Hewsken seemed altogether to appreciate them. A well-stored library, and a few rooms comfortably fitted up, gave an agreeable air of civilization to the establishment; but what can compensate for two years of almost entire isolation and banishment from communion with one's fellow-men? Except upon the rare occasions of Simoda being visited by some foreign vessel, these two gentlemen had not seen a creature with whom they could exchange an idea. They had been for eighteen months without receiving a letter or a newspaper, and two years without tasting mutton—sheep being an animal unknown in Japan."

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The great bridge over the Cumberland River, at Nashville, is one of the finest structures of the kind in all the country. It is jointly owned by the Louisville and Nashville, and the Edgefield and Kentucky railroads, though built under the immediate direction and control of the latter company.

Its extreme length is 700 feet, made up of four spans—two fixed, one on each side, and two draw spans, in the middle. Each fixed span is 200 feet in the clear between supports. Each draw span is 120 feet in the clear between piers. They are the largest railroad draws in the world, the one at Rock Island being second.

The total length of draw, from one extremity of the movable portion to the other, is 280 feet, and its entire weight is computed at about 300 tons. It can readily be turned into position by one man in four minutes, and by two or three men in two and a half minutes.

The centre pier, on which the immense draw turns, is 30 feet in diameter at the top, 35 feet at the bottom, and 68 feet high. The eastern main pier is 75 feet high, and the western main pier 70 feet high. The foundations of all the piers are laid smoothly upon the solid rock, in water about twelve feet deep at mean low water. The extreme rise of water in the river at the point where the bridge stands is 57 feet.

The total quantity of material in the bridge is 6800 perches of masonry, 454,000 feet of timber, and 160,000 pounds of iron.

The entire cost of the bridge is about $200,000.

THE DEMON OF HOMBURG.

The Landgraviat of Hesse-Homburg, with about six thousand inhabitants, is at the foot of the Taunus mountains, and not far from Frankfort. The capital is Homburg vor der Hoehe (before the hills), so called to distinguish it from other places of the same name. Some twenty years ago this little town was scarcely known to any but its neighbors. Just then two brothers Blané, who had been gamblers on 'Change in France, which they had good reason for quitting, met at Frankfort with two master gamblers and a staff of French croupiers, and conceived the idea of establishing a special gambling-place.

Homburg has mineral springs, and this led the brothers Blané to select this little innocent town for the seat of their projected gambling-hell. They had made the acquaintance of an old friend of the Landgrave of Homburg and an old rich and unprincipled baroness. By these helpers, the transactions with the Homburg Government and the Landgrave were contrived, and at last the prince was induced to grant an audience to our adventurers. A mason, working near the open window of the room where the Landgrave received them, was an unseen witness of the rather curious conversation, and through him the particulars transpired; so, at least, it is said in Homburg. We have only to do with the result. The prince resisted for some time the shameful proposition, but having a small income, he at last consented, and a document was signed by which the brothers Blané were invested with all the exclusive rights they sought.

Experience of Wiesbaden and Baden had proved that this sort of business is very profitable. There was no want, therefore, of capital; many, indeed, regretted that the company was limited. In an astonishingly short time there rose before the eyes of the wondering Homburgians a temple of vice, grander than any of their churches. This happened three-and-twenty years ago. The greater part of the inhabitants of the place, dazzled by the prospects of trade pointed out to them, lent themselves to the scheme, and sided for once with their paternal prince. The modest houses of the simple farmers and peasants have vanished, and where they stood palaces have been erected ready to accommodate the rich fools of all nations. The swine which mingled freely with the rustics in the street have been changed into ladies and gentlemen.

How has the ascendency of Homburg been secured? Simply by advertising in the papers of Europe and America, and chiefly because of the following little clause in the advertisements: "The game of Trente et Quarante is played with a Quart de Refait, and the Roulette with a Single Zero, which arrangement offers to the players at Trente et Quarante seventy-five per cent. more advantage than any other bank, and at Roulette fifty per cent." In other words, the bank of Homburg cheats the gambling public fifty per cent. less than those at the other Rhenish watering-places. The ruin of the gambler, who is attracted by this promise, is in Homburg only more protracted, although quite as certain as elsewhere. Yet the whole gambling world went almost crazy over it. Even old professional gamblers, who supposed they understood trente et quarante and roulette, predicted speedy ruin to the foolish bankers; particularly in face of the unheard-of splendor of the buildings they erected. It was the almost general belief that these advantages would and must be soon revoked, and all the gamblers rushed to Homburg to make hay while such a sun as this was shining. But the result proved that, notwithstanding the immense sums spent in buildings and the laying out of grounds, high wages paid to their obliging prince, and expenses amounting to about one hundred pounds a day, the undertakers did not become bankrupt, but paid to the shareholders a dividend of not less than forty per cent.

An alley of orange-trees—each costing about forty pounds—leads across the park to the far-famed palace of play. Through a noble portico the victim enters the hall, where he is received by liveried footmen ready to take charge of his hat, stick, and overcoat. It is advisable to use their services, for a good hat or coat left any where in the saloons might prove too irresistible a temptation to one of the numberless marquises, counts, and barons prowling hereabout. In front of us, as we enter, is a splendid ball-room; but we turn to the left, and then to the right, straight on: that is the way to the devil's sanctuary. We find a splendid hall longer than it is wide, and are almost dazzled by the glaring splendor of it. From the ceiling, adorned with pictures, hang dark bronze chandeliers bearing numberless lights, multiplied again and again by the magnificent looking-glasses placed at each end of the gorgeous chamber. A long range of high windows, separated from each other by splendid marble columns, open to a view on the park. All the curtains, draperies, and furniture are of dark red velvet. And there is a little too much gilding, as one might expect.

In the middle of this hall are placed two oblong tables, with a space of fifteen yards between them, both covered with green cloth; one of them is the roulette, the other the trente-et-un table. Let nobody think of a gambling-table as a board surrounded by men in despair. During thirty years' acquaintance with the German gaming haunts I have not witnessed one violent scene, nor heard even a shriek. What I have seen has, with a few trifling exceptions, been much more ludicrous than tragical. There do occur shocking catastrophes, but very rarely in the gambling-house itself. The agents of the Spielpachter keep a sharp eye on all desperate people likely to be inconsiderate enough to injure the reputation of the bank by publicly expressing their despair.

The tables are densely crowded by people of both sexes, who have the outward appearance of fine ladies and gentlemen. It is true that many of them look pale and worn; but we are at a watering-place to which visitors are supposed to come chiefly for the recruiting of their health. Some have an ugly, roguish look; but we know many honest gentlemen afflicted with the same. Some are flushed; but the room is warm, and nobody can help feeling a little excited by a mere following of the chances of the game. Most of the people, we observe, are smiling, or appear indifferent, and the handsome ladies are coquetting. The highest aim of our education is, with many, to be able to conceal the passions working in us. It requires a tolerably high talent for observation to be able to look through this curtain of assumed indifference, and get at the agitated minds of these unhappy fools.

In the centre of the table before the four croupiers, facing each other, are piled up small paper rolls of gold, and heaps of gold and silver. The whole tableau is spread with gold and silver, the stakes of the punters. As many of them as have room sit at the table; these are generally the old players, and their game is best worth following. Many of these have before them little printed tickets, upon which they mark with a pin, after each coup, whether it was red or black. It is a foolish amusement, held to be important as a means of finding out the system upon which accident works in this game, in order to form certain rules for the direction of the speculator. The only sure system of winning is that followed by the bank.

There is no loud talking in this hall; people speak with each other in whispers. There is the stillness of a church, with the air of a ball-room. Only the priests of this unhallowed temple dare to speak aloud, and the ivory ball is to be heard turning in the disk, until it clicks against some metal points in it before falling into its rest. The monotonous "Faites votre jeu" (Make your game), "Rien ne va plus" (No stake admitted now), "Trente-deux; noir; pair et passe," is repeated from morning to night; even the money falls without noise on the green cloth when dexterously thrown to a winner by one of the croupiers.

These croupiers are all alike. They have a tired, hang-dog expression. They are paid either by the day or the year. Those who attend to the roulette received, when the house opened in Homburg, one hundred and twenty pounds a year; and at the trente-et-un, one hundred and sixty pounds. After 1848 their pay was raised to two hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds. Most of them are ruined gamblers, or persons unable to get on in the world, who become hardened to the disgrace of their new calling. They are despised and even hated by the gamblers. Their position as regards the public is that of a player's servant in old times, whose very touch was a pollution. Their masters, of course, do not trust them more than they can help; they watch them closely, and set over them other rogues as spies. In spite of this vigilance, many of these fellows manage to rob the robber. One of them was in the habit of taking a pinch of snuff after each coup from a snuff-box which was standing before him. At the bottom of the box was some adhesive stuff, so that as often as its owner put it down upon a single or double louis d'or this was secured. Another wore very high and stiff collars, that one can not help touching very often if they do not fit exactly. Nobody thought any thing about the old croupier's frequent jerking at his uncomfortable collars; at each jerk, however, he contrived to slip behind his high collar a gold piece, which slid down into a belt worn by him over the shirt.

One of the croupiers occasioned a great deal of confusion by counterfeiting the gold rolls used at the bank. He covered a round stick of lead, and sealed it with the signet of the bank, of which he had taken an impression. Since that time the gold rolls are ripped open in the middle to expose the gold inside.

These croupiers form, however, only an inferior part of the staff of the bank; most of them come from Paris. Every body knows them as servants of the banker, and distrusts them. The more important servants are not recognized so easily. They are to be found not only in Homburg; we may meet them in the saloons and clubs in Paris, London, Vienna, Petersburg, and at other places, where the rich and the idle congregate. They are the pensioners of the bank, paid either by the year or by a share in any plunder obtained by their means. Most of them are ruined gamblers, or other adventurers, of either sex. A genteel air is their necessary qualification. In Homburg particularly it is well to distrust fine and amiable gentlemen, and all the more for their high-sounding names or ribbons in their button-holes. Among them are many ruined barons and dismissed military officers, well connected and unsuspected. The female staff is yet more dangerous for foolish men. It includes the most respectable-looking old ladies, having their liveried footmen in attendance, riding, perhaps, in emblazoned carriages. It includes young bewitching widows, of course marchionesses, countesses, or baronesses, with names beginning with Saint, probably because most of them come from the neighborhood of Notre-Dame de Lorette in Paris. You meet them in all the hotels, and at the promenades, their fresh toilets exciting the admiration of many a real lady. Some of them have husbands with them at whose appearance one can not help wondering. They look as if not at home in their clothes. Their hands are not over clean, and a man of the world suspects at once the brilliant rings upon their vulgar fingers. They are, however, rarely seen with their more elegant wives, and keep carefully out of the way if these are in gay company. Many of those ladies may be seen at the gambling-table, piles of gold before them, and playing eagerly. The gold belongs to the bank, and that fellow sitting upon a high stool behind the croupiers of the middle keeps a sharp eye upon their fingers through his tortoiseshell-mounted spectacles. They are decoy-ducks, of course, and they catch many geese.

Another set of servants of the bank consists of the professors of gaming. Some of these are genuine enthusiasts, shabby and care-worn, who believe that there exists some law by which chance is regulated, which, if they once discover it, insures their winning ever after. Each of them has his system, which he holds to be infallible, but which it requires considerable sums to carry out. There is undeniable truth in most of these systems, for almost all of them are founded on the fact that the colors red and black must change. If I, therefore, lose money on one of them, and double always until it appears, I must win. This is clear, and the bank knows it, of course, perfectly well. But it does not intend to lose, and for this reason the amount of the stakes is limited. That to be put on a single chance—as, for instance, red or black—must not much exceed three hundred pounds. The lowest stake at the roulette is one florin, and at rouge et noir three shillings. The importance of this maximum will be shown by an example. If I stake one florin on red, and double always when losing, my stake will have increased at the eleventh appearance of black to an amount at which I am not permitted to double again. Forced to submit to the laws of the bank, I lose a hundred and thirty florins, even in the case of winning. But if black appears for the twelfth or thirteenth time, as it occurs on the average every ten days, I am a loser of more than seven thousand florins. By following such a system money may be won for several days; but the player once caught can not recover his losses. Whoever adheres long to such a system will be ruined. This the bank knows, and it patronizes, therefore, such professors with the utmost tenderness, taking the cleverest of them into its service. They are sent abroad, and fitted out by the bankers with means to appear as fishermen in good society. Many, however, of these professors are the bitterest enemies of the bank, infatuated believers in their own systems. They have them ready made for small, middling, and large capitals, and are contented with a certain share in the gain made by any who apply to them. The client will, perhaps, win for a week or longer, and rejoice; but the day comes surely when the system fails.

Sometimes large sums are won by punters. This accident, by strengthening the faith of the credulous, only draws more custom and profit to the bank. It is, therefore, the duty of the servants of the bank to invent stories about persons who have become rich by gambling at the bank. One case was, however, not invented; it occurred in the year 1859, and in that year the shareholders got only a dividend of thirty per cent instead of forty. The fortunate man was one of the Bonaparte princes. He came to Homburg when assisting at a scientific meeting in Wiesbaden. He lost, at trente-et-un, about twenty thousand francs: when, leaving the saloon, he felt in his pocket three twenty-franc pieces, and put them à cheval on three different chances on the roulette. In an hour's time he was the winner of thirty thousand francs, and went to breakfast with his adjutant. Before sitting down the adjutant said to the prince, "I am certain you will lose all again before evening." The prince offered a bet of one thousand francs that he would win eight thousand francs before his friend finished his cutlet. It was accepted. The prince returned to the trente-et-un, and asked one of the croupiers, jokingly, "Well, which will it be, red or black?" "Well, red or—" "Right, you said red," replied the prince, and staked eight thousand francs upon the color. He won the stake and his bet. In the evening the prince won sixty thousand francs. The next day he was following his run of good luck. The whole neighborhood was in the greatest agitation, for there never had been such a run of luck before. The prince came off a winner of seven hundred thousand francs, and left when the bank thought it wise to reduce the maximum by half. Out of his winnings he released four Frenchmen from prison, and paid their debts; he gave twenty thousand francs to the poor in Homburg, and took with him twenty thousand pounds. General Haynau won also one hundred thousand florins.

Such exceptional cases do a good deal of mischief. Sometimes the bank thinks it wise to get rid of a too lucky fellow. He is, before he knows how it was brought about, entangled in a quarrel in the saloon, and on that account denied future admission. Or the quarrel occurs outside, with one of the bullies of the bank, and a duel is the result, or the police orders the troublesome stranger to leave Homburg to prevent a duel.

Among the noticeable visitors to Homburg there has been an old French marquis, with one of his yellow skeleton hands always under the table, and the other too, as often as he could spare it. In this one hand he held a leaden image of some saint, which he was eagerly caressing with the other as long as the ivory ball was running, or the cards dealing, or after a good hit. There was an old Russian princess resident in the place who, playing constantly and at random, left the bank its regular advantage of the zeros in an average loss to it of half her income, that is to say, of five-and-twenty pounds a day. There was a ruined major, who had gambled away four estates, praying piously for luck, and denying to no beggar a kreutzer lest the want of charity might lead to the Divine confounding of his game. There was again a lady, once lady of honor to the Queen of France, who, when retiring from her place, took lodgings in a fashionable hotel of Homburg. She kept a carriage and several servants, and was reported rich by the spies of the bank. She was compelled to part with her carriage at the end of the first year; after the second year she must part even with her chambermaid, and remove to a less expensive hotel. However she did not part with her habit of gambling. After another half year all her resources were exhausted, and nothing left but a pension of eight pounds, which she received regularly from Paris on the first day of each month.

This poor old lady was perfectly aware of her folly, but she could neither desist from playing nor decide to leave the place. When reduced to her pension, she took a wretched room, containing but a bed, a table, a chest of drawers, four straw-bottomed chairs, and a looking-glass, and agreed with her landlord to pay him in advance fifty francs every month for lodging, board, and a daily half-chopine of spirits. The remaining one hundred and fifty francs were reserved [illegible] gambling-table. On the second day of the month she took her place there, and began punting with florin-pieces. Her pleasure lasted generally four or five days. When the last florin had been taken in by the raker, she was shut up in her room, playing patience with cards and drinking her allowance of spirits. She associated with nobody, and never spoke about the play.

Commercial travelers here gamble away the money of their firms; clerks rob their masters to try their good luck at the bank; officers lose the funds confined to their care; and it is said that the bank was the cause of several deficits in the treasury of the German Confederation in Frankfort. Farmers and peasants, attracted by the hope to gain a few florins without trouble, lose what they have earned by hard work during years.

Suicides are numerous, although the bankers do all they can either to prevent such cases, or to conceal them when occurring. Having ascertained by their spies that some poor fellow is desperate, they give him the means to pay his bill, if not too heavy, and to carry away his despair to any other place. When these spies find a poor wretch hanging in the park, the body is removed by their friends in the police, and the incident kept secret as much as possible. If there are witnesses, money is placed in the pockets of the suicide, in order to prove that he did not kill himself in consequence of gambling, although it may indeed look suspicious enough to find a thousand-franc note in the pocket of a man who has just pawned his watch for a few florins. Very often even the inhabitants of the little town are not able to ascertain the circumstances attending such a case, and the papers do not publish them.

A person in Homburg had not only lost his fortune and place, but also funds trusted to him. He resolved to enter the saloon of the bank with two loaded pistols in his pocket. As soon as he had lost his last florin he intended to kill with one pistol the "chef de partie," and with the other blow out his own brains. He communicated this intention to a gentleman almost as poor as himself, who advised him to threaten the administration of the gambling bank with his intention. The young man tried the experiment, and it answered; he did not receive the four hundred florins asked for, but at least three hundred and fifty.

A poor young man from Berlin shot himself behind the Kurhaus. A Homburg demon, who was sitting at his wine after the play had finished for the day, heard the report, and said, "Again some one pops off without taking post-horses."

AN HONEST ARAB.

We had been on a fishing tour in the Highlands of Scotland, and, *en route* to town, were idling a day or two in "the gray metropolis of the north." "Scotchman, Xpress, Merkerry, Fewzees, penny a hunder—this day's Scotchman, Sir!" shouted a shrill-piped, ragged little imp at the fag end of a cold, wet, bitter day in October, as we stood blowing a cloud at the door of the New Royal in Princes Street.

"No, we don't want any."

"Fewzees, penny a hunder, Sir; this day's paper, Sir—half price, Sir—only a bawbee;" persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith, as the market showed symptoms of decline, and threatened to close decidedly flat.

"Get along, Bird's-eye, don't want any," growled Phillips.

"They're gude fewzees, Sir, penny a hunder."

"Don't smoke," Phillips, *loquitur*, whif, whif, whif.

"They're gude fewzees, Sir, hunder and twenty for a penny, Sir," coming round on my flank.

"No, don't want 'em, my boy."

The keen blue face, red bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of scanty rags looked piteously up at me, moved off a little, but still hovered round us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the One Tun Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the streets no more. Somehow in this instance that pledge wouldn't stand by me, but gave way.

"Give me a penn'orth, young 'un."

"Yes, Sir—they dinna smell."

"If the lucifers don't the son of Lucifer does," threw in Phillips.

"Ah, I haven't got a copper, little 'un, nothing less than a shilling; so, never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow."

"Buy them the nicht, if you please. I'm very hung-grey, Sir."

"He'll give you his check for the balance, Geff."

His little cold face, which had lightened up, now fell, for, from his bundle of papers, I saw his sales had been few that day.

"I'll gang for change, Sir."

"Well, little 'un, I'll try you—there is a shilling—now be a good boy, and bring me the change to-morrow morning to the hotel—ask for Mr. Turner."

"Give my friend your word of honor, as a gentleman as security for the bob."

"As sure's death, Sir, I'll bring the change the morn," was the promise of young Lucifer before he vanished with the shilling.

"Well, Turner," as we strolled along Princes Street, "you don't expect to see your brimstone friend again, do you?"

"I do."

"Your friend will dishonor his I.O.U. as sure as—"

"Well, I won't grieve about the money; but I think I can trust yon boy."

"Can? Why, you *have* trusted him; and your deliberation savors remarkably of the wisdom of the historical stable-keeper, who began to think about shutting the door when—but the illustration don't seem to strike you as a novelty."

"Well, we'll see."

"Yes, wonders, but not young Brimstone and your money."

Next morning we spent in "doing" the lions.

On our return to the inn, I inquired:

"Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?"

"Boy, Sir?—call, Sir? No, Sir."

"Of course, Geff, he didn't. Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?"

"Indeed I did, Charley. I wish he had proved honest."

"Then, oh Lucifer, son of the morning, how thou art fallen!"

Later in the evening a small boy was introduced, who wished to speak with me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoeless, shirtless, shrunk, ragged, wretched, keen-witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city. He was so very small and cold and childlike—though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin, blue-cold face, down which tears had worn their weary channels—that I saw at once the child was not my friend of the previous night.

"Enter Antonio to redeem his bond!" Phillips, *loquitur*.

He stood for a few minutes diving and rummaging into the recesses of his rags; at last little Tom Thumb said:

"Are you the gentleman that boucht fewzees frae Sandy yesterday?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Weel here's sevenpence (counting out divers copper coins), Sandy canna come; he's no weel; a cart ran ow'r him the day, and broken his legs, and lost his bannet, and his fewzees, and your fourpence-piece, and his knife, and he's no weel. He's no weel ava, and the doc—tor says—says he's dee—dee—in, and—and that's a' he can gie you noo." And the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying.

I gave him food, for, though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the display on the tea-table.

"Are you Sandy's brother?"

"Ay, Sir;" and the flood-gates of his heart again opened.

"Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?"

"We bide in Blackfriars Wynd in the Coogate. My mither's dead, and father's awa, and we bide whiles wi' our gudemither," sobbing bitterly.

"Where did this accident happen?"

"Near the college, Sir."

Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretchedness of these ancient closes by day, and here I entered one by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide, winding stair, until, climbing many flights of stairs in total darkness, he opened a door, whence a light maintained a feeble unequal struggle with the thick, close-smelling, heavy gloom. My courage nearly gave way as the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly spacious in extent but scarcely made visible by one guttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an over-crowded mass of wretched beings sleeping on miserable beds spread out upon the floor, or squatted or reclining upon the cold unfurnished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate quarreling drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp pallid face was clammy and cold—beads of the sweat of agony standing on his brow—his bruised and mangled body lay motionless and still, except when sobs and moaning heaved his fluttering breast. A bloated woman, in maudlin drunkenness (the dead or banished father's second wife, and not *his* mother), now and then bathed his lips with whisky-and-water, while she applied to her own a bottle of spirits to drown the grief she hiccuped and assumed. A doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony (for his case was hopeless, even though he had been taken at first, as he ought to have been, to the Infirmary in the neighborhood), but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed upon a less miserable bed of straw; and feeing a woman, an occupant of the room, to attend him during the night, I gave what directions I could, and left the degraded, squalid home.

Next morning I was again in Blackfriars Wynd. Its close, pestilential air, and towering, antique, dilapidated mansions (the abode of the peerage in far-off times) now struck my senses. Above a door-way was carved upon the stone—"Except ye Lord do build ye house, ye builders build in vain."

I said the room was spacious; it was almost noble in its proportions. The walls of paneled oak sadly marred, a massive marble mantle-piece of cunning carving, ruthlessly broken and disfigured, enameled tiles around the fire-place, once representing some Bible-story, now sore despoiled and cracked, and the ceiling festooned with antique fruit and flowers, shared in the general Vandal wreck. With the exception of a broken chair, furniture there was none in that stifling den. Its occupants, said the surgeon, whom I found at the sufferer's bed, were chiefly of our cities' pests, and the poor lad's step-mother—who had taken him from the ragged school that she might drink of his pitiful earnings—was as sunk in infamy as any there.

For the patient medical skill was naught, for he was sinking fast. The soul looking from his light-blue eyes was slowly ebbing out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and thin, but consciousness returned, and his lamp was flickering up before it sunk for ever. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face.

"I got the change, and was comin'—"

"My poor boy, you were very honest. Have you any wish—any thing, poor child, I can do for you? I promise to—"

"Reuby, I'm sure I'm deein,' wha will take care o' you noo?"

Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying, and threw himself prostrate on the bed. "Oh, Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!" sobbed his little heart.

"I will see to your little brother."

"Thank you, Sir! Dinna—dinna leave me, Reu—Reu—by. I'm com—comin', comin'—"

"Whist! whist!" cried little Reub, looking up, and turning round to implore some silence in the room. That moment the calm faded smile, that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face, slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly rippled out.

The honest boy lies in the Canongate churchyard, not far from the grave-stone put up by Burns to the memory of Ferguson, his brother poet, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's ragged school, and receive excellent accounts of him, and from him.

"What of your young Arab, Turner?" said Phillips, the following afternoon. "Was he honest, and is he really ill?"

"Yes, Phillips, he was an honest Arab; but now he is 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.

Unquestionably if a man means well, the more he means the better.

Some author tells us that "much is said about the tongue." True, the thing is in every body's mouth.

It is certainly a paradox that we are naturally desirous of long life, and yet unwilling to be old.

"Do you understand figures, boy?"—"Oh, yes, I am always cutting a fine one."

A skeptic thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it still more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses?

There is a man in Totnes so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

It is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to give their opinions. We think the lawyers must be excepted: they sell theirs.

Mr. Merryman Lathrop says, when he went on the steamer to California, they kept the chickens in the *hatch*-way, the beef in the *bull*works near the *steer*age; and when they ran out of eggs, the ship *lay too.*

When are a sweet apple and a sour apple alike?—When they are pared.

Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe?—Because it is always on the *Spree.*

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same.—The postman.

A marquis said to a financier, "I would have you to know that I am a man of quality." "And I," replied the financier, "am a man of quantity."

"Fine complexion Mrs. H. has got," said Brown to his friend Bristles, the artist. "I know it," replied Bristles, "she and I buy our colors at the same shop."

"Give me a kiss, dear girl." "I can't," she replied; "I don't mind lending you one, but I must have it returned to-morrow."

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

A Question for Music Masters.—Can a miss be said to play the piano in a *master*-ly manner?

Every man can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the pavement.

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog for it. "Ah, you may call me dog, but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon."

"What can't be Cured must be Endured."—"They say that smoking cures hams, and herrings, and haddocks, and many other things—but all I know is, that I have tried it on my wife's temper for the last dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in curing that."

Misprints will present themselves in other columns besides those of newspapers. The author of a temperance novel who wrote, "Drunkenness is Folly," was horrified to read, "Drunkenness is Jolly."

The celebrated artist, who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time, has recently finished a picture of the moon that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that it can't be seen in the day-time.

A gentleman remonstrating with Mr. Kenney against his bringing out his comedy of "Match-making," said, "Allow me to make a few animadversions upon it."—"Excuse me, Sir," said Mr. Kenney, "I do not wish for any mad versions of my comedy."

The following occurred in a school near London:
Teacher. "What part of speech is the word egg?"
Boy (*hesitating*). "Noun, Sir."
Teacher. "What is its gender?"
Boy (*perplexed*). "Can't tell, Sir."
Teacher. "Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"
Boy (*looking sharp*). "Can't say, Sir, till it's hatched."

A young lady reprimanded her shoemaker for not following her directions respecting a pair of shoes she had ordered; and, among others, insisted that they were not fellows. Crispin replied that he purposely made them so, in order to oblige her, well knowing the modesty of her disposition, and that she was not fond of *fellows.*

Dr. Currie (hot by name and hot by nature), when asked by a particularly inquisitive woman to tell her the precise meaning of the word "idea," about which she had been reading in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it, at last angrily exclaimed, "Idea, madam, is the feminine of idiot, and means a she-fool."

Frederick the Great was always very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated his discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him. One day he was more than usually disposed for an argument, and asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, Sire, to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such thick boots," was the reply.

To explain the facilities of travel which mark the age, a tourist said that during the present year he had eaten a sandwich on the top of the great pyramid in Egypt, drunk the health of Queen Victoria on the verge of the crater of Vesuvius, and been rather sharply scolded by his wife on the summit of Mont Blanc!

Orfila, the celebrated French chemist, being examined as "expert" on a capital trial, was asked by the President whether he could tell what quantity of arsenic was requisite to kill a fly. The doctor replied, "Certainly, M. le President; but I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition and habits of body, whether married or single, widow or maiden, widower or bachelor. When satisfied on these points, I can answer your question."

During the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip with the ci-devant Miss Scarlett, Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on,

"I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; "he was, my lord, but I understand he is ill."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Brougham," said the Judge, taking snuff.

"My lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlett fever."

What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His reaping-machine.

A splendid *ear* but a very poor *voice*, as the organ-grinder said of the donkey.

Why is a dun like a woodcock?—Because he bores with his bill.

Our Becky and the Blue Jacket.—A young damsel who is engaged, and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, lately visited the Mariner's Church. During the sermon the parson discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking the following question: "Is there one who thinks any thing of him who wears a tarpaulin hat and blue jacket, or a pair of trowsers made of duck? In short, is there one who cares aught for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of the damsel, jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear, "Yes, Sir; our Becky does!"

An Incident at Madame Tassaud's.—Whenever I see a poor feller going to get spliced it always puts me in mind of a goney I met at Madame Toosore's exhibition in London. There was a guillotine there in the room of horrors, and a youngster examined it most attentively; and after walking round and round it, and looking up at the knife and down on the block, what does he do but kneel down and put his head into the hole to try how it fitted, when he caught a glimpse, as he turned round, of the bright edge of the cleaver that was hanging right over him, suspended only by a string, and just ready to do the job for him. Well, he was afraid to move for fear of slipping the string and letting the cutter down by the run. The way he shrieked ain't no matter; it was the naterallest thing in the world, and so was the way he called for help. There was a crowd round him in no time; you never see such a stir as it made, for in a general way it's a stupid place that, with people going about as silent as if they were among the dead; but this set every body a talking all at once. They thought it was part of the show, and that he acted his part beautiful, just as a body really would if he was going to be beheaded in airnest. So nobody thought of helping him, but let him screech on, as if he was paid for it, till at last one of the attendants came runnin' up, secured the knife, got him out, and was beginnin' to pitch into him, when the feller saved him the trouble by fainting.

Doing Mine Host.—Two persons of respectable appearance entered a public-house not many miles from the village of Red Hill, and requested to have dinner served them. Mine host complied with their request by placing a leg of pork before them, and having done ample justice to it they called for some ale. After enjoying themselves for some time, one of the "gentlemen" proposed to the other to run a race of 150 yards, the loser to pay for the dinner, etc. Accordingly the worthy landlord measured the ground, and started the "gentlemen." Observing that they ran beyond the distance measured, and supposing that they were doing so in ignorance, he called out lustily; but they continued to run until they were out of sight, and did not return. The landlord, therefore, had the mortification of finding that he had been duped, for they ran off without paying for their dinner.—*Hertford Mercury.*

Courting.—Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a man of business tact, and always gets at the lowest cash price; and then says, "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any thing that suits me better, I'll call and take this." Now Pitts is partial to the fair sex, and quite lately Pitts said to himself, "I am getting into years, and may as well get married." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he starts, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he should like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested; my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and of good standing in the town, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded,

"Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any body that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

A Fatal Month.—The month of April has been remarkable for its fatality to celebrated women:

Christina of Sweden	died	April	19
Diana of Poictiers	"	"	26
Elizabeth of England	"	"	3
Gabrielle d'Estrées	"	"	9
Jeanne de Navarre	"	"	2
Judith, Queen of France	"	"	19
Madame de Pompadour	"	"	15
Madame de Sévigné	"	"	14
Mademoiselle de Montpensier	"	"	5
Petrarch's Laura	"	"	6

And also to celebrated men:

Bacon (Lord)	died	April	9, 1626
Buffon	"	"	16, 1788
Byron (Lord)	"	"	19, 1824
Collins (the Poet)	"	"	12, 1759
Chatham	"	"	8, 1778
Donizetti	"	"	8, 1842
Duke of Marlborough	"	"	16, 1722
Fielding	"	"	21, 1754
Foxe (of the *Book of Martyrs*)	"	"	18, 1587
Franklin	"	"	17, 1790
Goldsmith	"	"	4, 1774
Handel	"	"	13, 1759
Hastings (Lord) beheaded	"	"	13, 1483
Heber (Bishop)	"	"	3, 1826
Jones (Sir W.)	"	"	27, 1794
Mirabeau	"	"	2, 1791
Raffaelle	"	"	6, 1520
Roscoe (the Author)	"	"	30, 1813
Shakspeare	"	"	3, 1616
Somers (Lord)	"	"	26, 1716
Wilkie (Sir D.)	"	"	1, 1841

Bishop Horne had his dignity somewhat taken down when he took possession of the episcopal palace at Norwich in 1791. He turned round upon the steps, and exclaimed, "Bless us, bless us! what a multitude of people!" "Oh, my lord," said a by-stander, "this is nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hanged!"

The Curate's Cow.—Solomon Grisdale, curate of Merrington, who was very poor, and had a numerous family, lost his only cow. Mr. Surtees determined to raise a subscription for another cow, and waited on the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry (the late Earl Cornwallis), then Dean of Durham, and owner of the great tithes of Merrington, to ask what he would give. "Give?" said his lordship, "why a cow, to be sure. Go, Mr. Surtees, to Woodfield, my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you can find." Mr. Surtees, who had not expected above a five-pound note at most, exclaimed, "My lord, I hope you'll ride to heaven upon the back of that cow!" A while afterward he was saluted in the college by the late Lord Barrington with, "Surtees, what is this absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the Dean?" "I see nothing absurd in it," was the reply. "When the Dean rides to heaven on the back of that cow, many of you Prebendaries will be glad to lay hold of her tail."

A gentleman, just married, told Foote that he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear wife. "She is truly your dear wife," replied the wit.

Don't judge of moral character by the face. The frog is more innocent than many an animal that has a much handsomer physiognomy.

The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who discovered it has retired from public life.

A gentleman who has for two years refused to contribute any thing toward the support of the "stated preaching of the Gospel," recently surprised his friends by contributing to the purchase of a bell for a new church edifice. On being asked the reason for this exercise of liberality, he replied that he never put his money where he could not hear it ring.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. V.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN the late high winds I was blown to a great many places—and indeed, wind or no wind, I generally have extensive transactions on hand in the article of Air—but I have not been blown to any English place lately, and I very seldom have been blown to any English place in my life, where I could get any thing good to eat and drink in five minutes, or where, if I sought it, I was received with a welcome.

I travel by railroad. I start from home at seven or eight in the morning after breakfasting hurriedly. What with skimming over the open landscape, what with mining in the damp bowels of the earth, what with banging, booming, and shrieking the scores of miles away, I am hungry when I arrive at the "Refreshment" station where I am expected. Please to observe—expected. I have said I am hungry; perhaps I might say, with greater point and force, that I am to some extent exhausted, and that I need—in the expressive French sense of the word—to be restored. What is provided for my restoration? The apartment that is to restore me is a wind-trap, cunningly set to inveigle all the draughts in that country-side, and to communicate a special intensity and velocity to them as they rotate in two hurricanes: one, about my wretched head: one, about my wretched legs. The training of the young ladies behind the counter who are to restore me has been from their infancy directed to the assumption of a defiant dramatic show that I am *not* expected. It is in vain for me to represent to them, by my humble and conciliatory manners, that I wish to be liberal. It is in vain for me to represent to myself, for the encouragement of my sinking soul, that the young ladies have a pecuniary interest in my arrival. Neither my reason nor my feelings can make head against the cold glazed glare of eye with which I am assured that I am not expected and not wanted. The solitary man among the bottles would sometimes take pity on me, if he dared, but he is powerless against the rights and mights of Woman. (Of the page I make no account, for he is a boy, and therefore the natural enemy of Creation.) Chilling fast, in the deadly tornadoes to which my upper and lower extremities are exposed, and subdued by the moral disadvantage at which I stand, I turn my disconsolate eyes on the refreshments that are to restore me. I find that I must either scald my throat by insanely ladling into it, against time and for no wager, brown hot water stiffened with flour; or I must make myself flaky and sick with Banbury cake; or I must stuff into my delicate organization a currant pin-cushion which I know will swell into immeasurable dimensions when it has got there; or I must extort from an iron-bound quarry, with a fork, as if I were farming an inhospitable soil, some glutinous lumps of gristle and grease, called pork-pie. While thus forlornly occupied I find that the depressing banquet on the table is, in every phase of its profoundly unsatisfactory character, so like the banquet at the meanest and shabbiest of evening parties, that I begin to think I must have "brought down" to supper, the old lady unknown, blue with cold, who is setting her teeth on edge with a cool orange, at my elbow—that the pastry-cook, who has compounded for the company on the lowest terms per head, is a fraudulent bankrupt, redeeming his contract with the stale stock from his window—that, for some unexplained reason, the family giving the party have become my mortal foes, and have given it on purpose to affront me. Or I fancy that I am "breaking up" again, at the evening conversazione at school, charged two-and-sixpence in the half-year's bill; or breaking down again at that celebrated evening party given at Mrs. Bogles's boarding-house when I was a boarder there, on which occasion Mrs. Bogles was taken in execution by a branch of the legal profession who got in as the harp, and was removed (with the keys and subscribed capital) to a place of durance, half an hour prior to the commencement of the festivities.

Take another case.

Mr. Grazinglands, of the Midland Counties, came to London by railroad one morning last week, accompanied by the amiable and fascinating Mrs. Grazinglands. Mr. G. is a gentleman of a comfortable property, and had a little business to transact at the Bank of England, which required the concurrence and signature of Mrs. G.

Now Jairing's being a hotel for families and gentlemen, in high repute among the Midland Counties, Mr. Grazinglands plucked up a great spirit when he told Mrs. Grazinglands she should have a chop there. That lady likewise felt that she was going to see Life. Arriving on that gay and festive scene, they found the second waiter, in a flabby undress, cleaning the windows of the empty coffee-room, and the first waiter, denuded of his white tie, making up his cruets behind the Post-office Directory. The latter (who took them in hand) was greatly put out by their patronage, and showed his mind to be troubled by a sense of the pressing necessity of instantly smuggling Mrs. Grazinglands into the obscurest corner of the building. This slighted lady (who is the pride of her division of the county) was immediately conveyed, by several dark passages, and up and down several steps, into a penitential apartment at the back of the house, where five invalided old platewarmers leaned up against one another under a discarded old melancholy sideboard, and where the wintry leaves of all the dining-tables in the house lay thick. Also, a sofa, of incomprehensible form regarded from any sofane point of view, murmured "Bed;" while an air of mingled fluffiness and heeltaps added, "Second Waiter's." Secreted in this dismal hold, objects of a mysterious distrust and suspicion, Mr. Grazinglands and his charming partner waited twenty minutes for the smoke (for it never came to a fire), twenty-five minutes for the sherry, half an hour for the table-cloth, forty minutes for the knives and forks, three quarters of an hour for the chops, and an hour for the potatoes. On settling the little bill—which was not much more than the day's pay of a Lieutenant in the navy—Mr. Grazinglands took heart to remonstrate against the general quality and cost of his reception. To whom the waiter replied, substantially, that Jairing's made it a merit to have accepted him on any terms; "for," added the waiter (unmistakably coughing at Mrs. Grazinglands, the pride of her division of the county), "when individuals is not staying in the 'Ouse, their favors is not as a rule looked upon as making it worth Mr. Jairing's while; nor is it, indeed, a style of business Mr. Jairing wishes." Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Grazinglands passed out of Jairing's Hotel for Families and Gentlemen in a state of the greatest depression, scorned by the bar, and did not recover their self-respect for several days.

Or take another case. Take your own case.

You are going off by railway, from any Terminus. You have twenty minutes for dinner before you go. You want your dinner, and, like Doctor Johnson, Sir, you like to dine. You present to your mind a picture of the refreshment-table at that Terminus. The conventional shabby evening party supper—accepted as the model for all termini and all refreshment stations, because it is the last repast known to this state of existence of which any human creature would partake but in the direst extremity—sickens your contemplation, and your words are these: "I can not dine on stale sponge-cakes that turn to sand in the mouth. I can not dine on shining brown patties, composed of unknown animals within, and offering to my view the device of an indigestible star-fish in leaden pie-crust without. I can not dine on a sandwich that has long been pining under an exhausted receiver. I can not dine on barley-sugar. I can not dine on Toffee." You repair to the nearest hotel, and arrive, agitated, in the coffee-room.

It is a most astonishing fact that the waiter is very cold to you. Account for it how you may, smooth it over how you will, you can not deny that he is cold to you. He is not glad to see you, he does not want you, he would much rather you hadn't come. He opposes to your flushed condition an immovable composure. As if this were not enough, another waiter, born, as it would seem, expressly to look at you in this passage of your life, stands at a little distance, with his napkin under his arm and his hands folded, looking at you with all his might. You impress on your waiter that you have ten minutes for dinner, and he proposes that you shall begin with a bit of fish which will be ready in twenty. That proposal declined, he suggests—as a neat originality—"a weal or mutton cutlet." You close with either cutlet, any cutlet, any thing. He goes, leisurely, behind a door and calls down some unseen shaft. A ventriloquial dialogue ensues, tending finally to the effect that weal only is available on the spur of the moment. You anxiously call out, "Veal then!" Your waiter, having settled that point, returns to array your table-cloth with a table-napkin folded cocked-hat wise (slowly, for something out of window engages his eye), a white wine-glass, a green wine-glass, a blue finger-glass, a tumbler, and a powerful field battery of fourteen castors with nothing in them; or at all events—which is enough for your purpose—with nothing in them that will come out. All this time the other waiter looks at you—with an air of mental comparison and curiosity, now, as if it had occurred to him that you are rather like his brother. Half your time gone, and nothing come but the jug of ale and the bread, you implore your waiter to "see after that cutlet, waiter; pray do!" He can not go at once, for he is carrying in seventeen pounds of American cheese for you to finish with, and a small Landed Estate of celery and water-cress. The other waiter changes his leg, and takes a new view of you—doubtfully, now, as if he had rejected the resemblance to his brother, and had begun to think you more like his aunt or his grandmother. Again you beseech your waiter, with pathetic indignation, to "see after that cutlet!" He steps out to see after it, and by-and-by, when you are going away without it, comes back with it. Even then he will not take the sham-silver cover off without a pause for [illegible] flourish, and a look at the musty cutlet as if he were surprised to see it—which can not possibly be the case, he must have seen it so often before. A sort of fur has been produced upon its surface by the cook's art, and, in a sham-silver vessel, staggering on two feet instead of three, is a cutaneous kind [illegible], of brown pimples and pickled cucumber. [illegible] order the bill, but your waiter can not bring your bill yet, because he is bringing, instead, three flinty-hearted potatoes and two grim head of broccoli, like the occasional ornaments on area railings, badly boiled. You know that you will never come to this pass, any more than to the cheese and celery, and you imperatively demand your bill; but it takes time to get, even when gone for, because your waiter has to communicate with a lady who lives behind a sash-window in a corner, and who appears to have to refer to several Ledgers before she can make it out—as if you had been staying there a year. You become distracted to get away, and the other waiter, once more changing his leg, still looks at you—but suspiciously, now, as if you had begun to remind him of the party who took the great-coats last winter. Your bill at last brought and paid, at the rate of sixpence a mouthful, your waiter reproachfully reminds you that "attendance is not charged for a single meal," and you have to search in all your pockets for sixpence more. He has a worse opinion of you than ever when you have given it to him, and lets you out into the street with the air of one saying to himself, as you can not doubt he is, "I hope we shall never see *you* here again!"

Or, take any other of the numerous traveling instances in which, with more time at your disposal, you are, have been, or may be, equally ill served. Take the old-established Bull's Head, with its old-established knife-boxes on its old-established sideboards, its old-established flue under its old-established four-post bedsteads in its old-established airless rooms, its old-established frouziness up stairs and down stairs, its old-established cookery, and its old-established principles of plunder. Count up your injuries, in its side-dishes of ailing sweetbreads in white poultices, of apothecaries' powders in rice for curry, of pale stewed bits of calf ineffectually relying for an adventitious interest on force-meat balls. You have had experience of the old-established Bull's Head's stringy fowls, with lower extremities like wooden legs, sticking up out of the dish; of its cannibalic boiled mutton, gushing horribly among its capers when carved; of its little dishes of pastry—roofs of spermaceti ointment, erected over half an apple or four gooseberries. Well for you if you have yet forgotten the old-established Bull's Head's fruity port; whose reputation was gained solely by the old-established price the Bull's Head put upon it, and by the old-established air with which the Bull's Head set the glasses and D'Oyleys on, and held that Liquid Gout to the three-and-sixpenny wax-candle, as if its old-established color hadn't come from the dyer's.

Or lastly, take, to finish with, two cases that we all know, every day.

We all know the new hotel near the station, where it is always gusty, going up the lane which is always muddy, where we are sure to arrive at night, and where we make the gas start awfully when we open the front door. We all know the flooring of the passages and staircases that is too new, and the walls that are too new, and the house that is haunted by the ghost of mortar. We all know the doors that have cracked, and the cracked shutters through which we get a glimpse of the disconsolate moon. We all know the new people who have come to keep the new hotel, and who wish they had never come, and who (inevitable result) wish *we* had never come. We all know how much too scant and smooth and bright the new furniture is, and how it has never settled down, and can not fit itself into right places, and will get into wrong places. We all know how the gas, being lighted, shows maps of Damp upon the walls. We all know how the ghost of mortar passes into our sandwich, stirs our negus, goes up to bed with us, ascends the pale bedroom chimney, and prevents the smoke from following. We all know how a leg of our chair comes off, at breakfast in the morning, and how the dejected waiter attributes the accident to a general greenness pervading the establishment, and informs us, in reply to a local inquiry, that he is thankful to say he is an entire stranger in that part of the country, and is going back to his own connection on Saturday.

We all know, on the other hand, the great station hotel belonging to the company of proprietors, which has suddenly sprung up in the back outskirts of any place we like to name, and where we look out of our palatial windows at little back yards and gardens, old summer-houses, fowl-houses, pigeon-traps, and pigsties. We all know this hotel, in which we can get any thing we want, after its kind, for money; but where nobody is glad to see us, or sorry to see us, or minds (our bill paid) whether we come, or go, or how, or when, or why, or cares about us. We all know this hotel, where we have no individuality, but put ourselves into the general post, as it were, and are sorted and disposed of according to our division. We all know that we can get on very well indeed at such a place, but still not perfectly well; and this may be because the place is largely wholesale, and there is a lingering personal retail interest within us that asks to be satisfied.

To sum up. My uncommercial traveling has not yet brought me to the conclusion that we are close to perfection in these matters. And just as I do not believe that the end of the world will ever be near at hand so long as any of the very tiresome and arrogant people who constantly predict that catastrophe are left in it, so I shall have small faith in the Hotel Millennium while any of the uncomfortable superstitions I have glanced at remain in existence.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner IN "CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH A DEAD MAN HOLDS SALOON.

THE news of the sudden death of the superintendent had hardly fallen upon the startled ear of Cheswick—hardly had the undertaker been called to do his gloomy duty, and the county coroner, whose office had long been an uninteresting sinecure from the obstinate persistency of Cheswick people in such commonplace behavior as dying in their beds, had only just been summoned to the enjoyment of his unusual privilege, when the sway of this earlier astonishment was disputed by still another bit of novelty. A partner had come from New York to take charge of the Cheswick Branch of Clingham & Co. And this time there could be no doubt of it—a *real* partner.

Had Mr. Tollogar seen him? No, he could not say that exactly; but John Potts, of the Eagle Tavern, assured him that a very dignified-looking man, with a hawk's eye and nose, an unexpugnable reserve of manner, and at least a pound of watch-seals, had entered his barroom that morning and drank a bottle of Byass's stout, for which he pulled out a double-eagle in payment. His whole bearing was that of a man who is worth a number of hundred thousand dollars; and there could be no question but he was the partner.

Nor had Mrs. Dilks seen the partner. But she knew that poor dear Mr. Green was dead, and (as nothing in regard to him had yet come out) she supposed that Clingham & Co. could not in decency do less than one and all of them to be present at the funeral; for he was a perfect gentleman, and of a sweetness of behavior—excellent soul!—which made her feel quite as if he were her father. And as Clingham & Co. would probably do what Clingham & Co. ought to do, the partners no doubt were all in Cheswick; wherefore, reasoning from the general to the particular, *the* partner was necessarily there. On which compact series of syllogisms she founded the unhesitating report that he arrived in Cheswick by the most probable train of the night before. The absence from his room of Cashier Todds confirmed her in her certainty, lasting, as it did, not only through the night—which was not unusual—but until long after breakfast of the next day—which *was* unusual—that gentleman having a singular habit of taking breakfast, however much inebriated he might have been the night before.

Where the other officers of the Bank lodged and boarded the same phenomenon of their protracted absence was noted, and every where it was ascribed to the same cause. They were paying their respects to that great mystery—into whose sanctum, whether subterranean, in ocean-caverns, or aerial only fancy could suggest, they alone of all Cheswickians were fortunate enough to be admitted—the new-come, invisible, but thoroughly believed-in real partner.

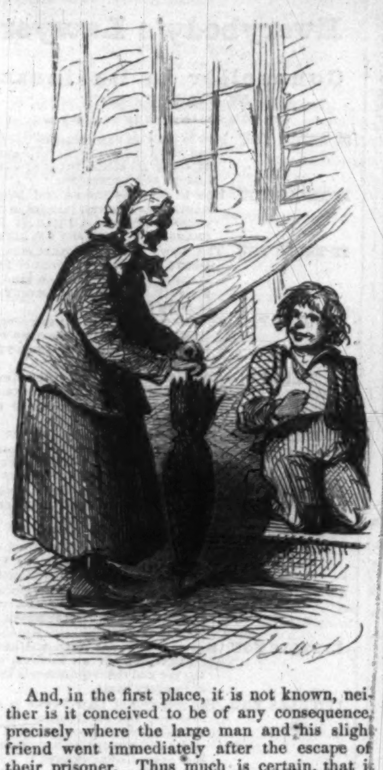
Was he at the Bank? No. At first some of the more curious of the townspeople thought that possible; and although the shutters were down, and on the heavy iron-plated outer door a notice was up to the effect that there would be no business done there that day on account of the death of Mr. Green, they still rang at the family entrance, and finding that John Manton and Nora invariably excused themselves from being seen, assiduously pumped the handmaiden Priscilla, departing with a sore sense of being imposed upon because she could not be induced to say that she had concealed the partner somewhere about the premises. By-and-by so many came to gratify their inquisitiveness in this way that no attention whatever was paid from within to the bell, or rather the bell-handle, since the former had been put out of the power of attracting notice by a judicious bandage of cotton-batting around its tongue.

Finally, was he at the house where the dead man lay? No; until the Coroner came, Luke Green had kept his silent lodging there alone. For an old negress, who was housekeeper, cook, maid of all work in his unpretentious establishment, with the superstition peculiar to her race, had fled precipitately at midnight of the day he was brought in, locking the door behind her, and asserting that she would not remain for a thousand dollars in the house with a dead man who walked through the dark quietly as a cat, and sat down at the foot of her bed, smiling an icy smile at her over the foot-board. And when the whole story came out, there were those who added that he spoke audibly two words to her in a low, quiet tone that stopped her blood and nearly crazed her brain. They were,

"Last chance! Last chance!" Though I have never had this from her own lips, and it may be only one of those felicitous after-thoughts of people who, finding the facts inadequate, supply what is necessary to round them out to the poetic ideal.

When the Coroner came he found it necessary to break the lock, and immediately there swarmed in at the front door, up the stairs into the very death-chamber—where there was excellent opportunity for seeing, hearing, and horrible handling which prevails among the death-seeking vulgar—and into all the other halls, passages, and chambers of the house, where the only opportunities were for surmise, elbowing, and listening to exaggerated telegraphs from the more fortunate, such a motley crowd of witnesses as to set beyond all doubt, in a very few seconds, that no partner was there, unless he had an eccentric predilection, to say nothing of dimensions, for stowing himself away between the floor of the upper and the ceiling of the lower rooms. Nor were Filkins and Turkle there to help them to better knowledge; both these having disappeared immediately after their deposit of the body. In fact, the only way in which the eminent officer who was conducting the investigation learned any thing as to those who had borne the dead man home, was the coming of the undertaker to make preparations for the funeral; sent, as he stated, by two persons of name to him unknown, who had paid him beforehand all the burial expenses, given orders that the services should take place on the day next but one succeeding, and expressed an intention to be present at that time, though probably not before. Whereupon several constables were dispatched with commands not to sleep until the two were found and made some use of for the public regalement, either to be hanged, or, if any vexatious obstacles were in the way of that legal gratification, to have the next best thing done to them by being made witnesses. Which latter the People *vs.* Pauvre Diable always contrive to make only a few shades less disagreeable than the former.

Having now settled, in the most summary way, where the partner was not, and having also truly stated the existence of a very generally obtaining opinion that, in this exigency, he was and ought to be somewhere, we will leave, for a few moments, the consideration where he was, while we state two or three things about our other acquaintances.



And, in the first place, it is not known, neither is it conceived to be of any consequence, precisely where the large man and his slight friend went immediately after the escape of their prisoner. Thus much is certain, that it was some whither where the eye of justice, or so much of that ubiquitous organ as blinked through Coroner Doldrum's spectacles, was unable to fix its bare and burning glance upon them.

Secondly, at the very moment that the Coroner's inquisition was going on, the young gentlemen of the Bank, from Todds, cashier, down to the runner, were in close confinement, each by himself, in one of the houses of the town; having been brought thither by virtue of due process before any one of them had learned the news of Mr. Green's death.

In the third place, the most strange, and, to one heart at least, terrible uncertainty hung over Ernest Beckford's whereabouts. His absence, so unexpectedly and unexplainably occurring, as was now noticed for the first time, just before Mr. Green's death, with the Bank affairs in such a distracted condition, and such blame for carelessness or something far worse attaching to the employés—this was talked about every where. Besides, there were vague rumors of his connection with wallet snatching, which grew into surmises of his practice of habitual larceny, which culminated in authoritative reports of his connection with the worst class of villains. These had their first rise from hints, such as even the most cautious may inadvertently let drop in great vexation, on the part of Todds and Mangles, or even others, as to Ernest's behavior on the night of the punch party. John Manton looked out timidly into the street, heard the people speaking excitedly of these reports, and coming in again repeated them casually to Nora, who treasured them up as so many new, increasing agonies. Oh! in that day of fear and utter uncertainty to the human soul that dies, how did the immortal and divine soul within her live, just hanging by that hand of faith which clasps God's arm! And what an acme to all her troubles did there come, when a sheriff's officer called at the house during the afternoon, and asked to search for one Beckford, whom he had been unable to find, but who was down on the list of those who, during the last year, had been connected with the Bank, and was to be arrested with all the others on the charge of large defalcations.

At length the young girl's agony grew so intense that she could not bear any longer to see an unconcerned person near her. At the same time she wished to learn something of the state of facts in the terrible case of Luke Green's death, hoping that light might be shed upon her uncertainty, and that her suspense might in some way be decided by the results of that investigation. She accordingly implored her father, with a pertinacity that astonished one accustomed, like him, to see her utterly self-denying in all that pertained to curiosity or any ordinary gratification, to go out for a walk and leave her alone. "Go," said Nora, "and learn what all this about Luke Green's sudden death really means. You *ought* to go, believing as you do that he was your friend, and see too, if, as I hear said, one of the partners has really come."

Stupefied by the quick succession of excitements which had fallen during the last day or two upon his brain, and unable to realize whether Luke Green was alive or dead—and if dead, whether he himself and his quarrel with him had not in some sort been the fatal cause—John Manton was very hardly persuaded to exchange his silent fireside, nightmarish as it now seemed to him, for the distraction of the crowd outside. The bare thought of the looks he should encounter as the dead man's particular acquaintance, the hypotheses he should hear to account for every thing logically in fifty different ways, and each unquestionably the only possible one; the noise, the jostle, and the possibility of trembling before Coroner Doldrum as a witness, made him shudder. But Nora's entreaty at last prevailed, and the old man peevishly took his hat and stick and went forth, as if he were about to plunge into a bath at zero. He directed his steps toward the house where the inquest was holding. The witness whom the Coroner was now examining was a very important one—his testimony bearing directly upon, if not quite deciding, the important point, whether a cuticular abrasion over the ensiform cartilage would be sufficient to cause traumatic tetanus, by sympathy with the os scaphoides of the left carpus. As Coroner Doldrum had been a doctor himself before his elevation to the present dignity, and his witness was a rival practitioner in somewhat better practice, owing to his having studied medicine more than politics and frequented the bedside rather than the ward meeting, the examination was peculiarly piquant, and from its so directly aiming at the best interests of justice, peculiarly fascinating also to the audience. It had reached the following pleasing crisis:

Coroner. "I understood you to say, Sir, that the daphnoides flabelliformis was only a continuation of the main clavicle of the phalanges—"

Witness. "The deficiency in the Court's understanding I can not remedy; but I hope no such d—d nonsense will go down as mine in the reports of the case. I beg—"

Coroner. "That is contempt, Sir, contempt! I've a great mind—"

Witness. "Indeed? Report much underrates your Honor then."

Just at this juncture—happily for the welfare of both judge *and* witness, and that the name of law might not be disgraced any more than it had been—the unsuppressed ribald merriment which evinced the popular gratification at this disrespect of dead and living decency was hushed for a moment, and a murmur ran through the crowd that an old friend of the dead man stood below in the hall. Whereat the dense pack of idlers who had listened and stared all day, managed, by expanding their benevolence and squeezing their persons, to open an avenue, perhaps six inches wide, through which John Manton, to his extreme unwillingness and terror, was pushed up to the Coroner's table, the mob closing behind him as he passed, very much as a rat is driven into the corner of a bag by pulling it through the hand.

Almost every body in Cheswick knew him by sight, the Coroner among the rest, though neither he nor more than one or two of the audience had ever claimed a speaking acquaintance with him. But every body now nodded to him as having been a friend of the dead man, and he was accorded a high place in the importance of the moment, as well as a stool by the side of his Honor.

With a stolid look, as one who is frightened too deeply for his face to express it, did John Manton sit gazing on the painful agony-distorted countenance of the dead; like one also who is delivered from a great terror, but as yet can not realize it possible for any thing *so* great to *die*, and is therefore perpetually looking to see it step forth again. As one who from the dead man had always drawn a bad magnetism, and now that it was gone was weak, being left devoid of any.

As good an opportunity as any now offered to the coroner to dismiss the contumacious witness gracefully. He did so, therefore, by calling the trembling old man to the stand, asking him all sorts of questions about things he knew, and things there was no human possibility of his knowing. If the deceased slept alone, and if so, was his sleep often disturbed? Which might be considered as in the latter division of questions.

While John Manton was on the stand, and every ear in all the house save one that would never hear good or ill word more was stretched to catch his faintest answer, all was serene in Blinker's Court. That quiet bay, as has been observed, received no tides, no ripples even, from the outer sea of Cheswick life. It would have been the place to summon the most impartial panel from, had the sheriff thought of it, in all the country around. For I question whether in Blinker's Court it was known that Luke Green was dead. Such is the narrowness of our most important name! When we are proud, if we ever are, let us think that, were we dead to-morrow, there is a Blinker's Court which would not know it.

But, strangely enough, one of the inmates of Blinker's was just at this very time trudging homeward from a rent-raid on some poor tenants, and came by the house where the inquest was holding. It was a very old, very wrinkled, but still very energetic and masculine-looking woman, in a scant blue bed-gown and a cap with tremendous bows. She leaned on an umbrella washed whitey brown by the showers of a decade, and dislocated in its joints by fights with the winds of as long a period, and trembling with a strange earnestness which brought her receded eye out of its bed of wrinkles like a quick-leaping insect, she asked a pleasant lad who sat on the steps and fired peas among those who *were* able to get in, "Sonny! what are the folks a doin' in there?"

"None o' your sonny, old girl! There's a dead man in there that hain't quite dead enough, and so they're a talkin' him deader, that's what's the row—"

"Who's the man? Who is he? Who—"

"Once who's enough," answered the boy, critically; "the feller had something to do with the Bank, and his name was Green."

The old umbrella spun from the hand of the woman like the lightest plaything. She was very old, but she leaped the distance between her and the door three steps at a time.

There were two catch-polls at the door who sought to bar her way with their staves. She flew at their faces with a wild-beast fierceness. They were accustomed to encounter with all sorts of mad men and women, as was natural in their walk of life; but there was a something in her look which daunted them, and they let her get by.

"Open the way, men, open the way!" she said, hoarsely, to the crowd. "Some one said *he* is dead, and I'm his mother."

Ready passage did these words make both for curiosity's sake and humanity's. The stairs were so crowded that the balusters were in danger of giving way; but each man once more, as for John Manton, squeezed himself into compacter compass, and the old woman rushed upward through the gap with the lithe muscles of a child.

"Make way for Luke Green's mother!" rang from the men below, and the crowd in the upper hall, as well as in the dead chamber, parted at that name in an instant. And thus utterly unconscious that every eye peered at her—nothing on her face of expression but the mad knowledge that Luke Green was dead, and she was his mother—she came to the board on which the dead man lay.

"Lu—key!" She screamed this word in her shrill old woman's voice, making a long cadence upon the first syllable, as one who calls another at a distance. "Lukey! wake up, boy! Don't you be shamming now to scare the old woman. None of your tricks, you rogue!" Then she leaned down and whispered in his cold ear: "I know you're afraid to let 'em think you're alive, because if you did they'd be mean to you, and send you to prison, perhaps; but there's gold in the chest under the bed, *real* gold, sonny, and will make it all right with them, and get you off! Come to! Lukey, come to!" All but these last words were said so low that none but those nearest the body could hear them; and the last were uttered peevishly, as one who thinks it time for a trick to be played out, while she caressed the shoulder of the dead man. Meanwhile Coroner Doldrum stopped his examination of John Manton, and, with the motley audience, gazed in blank astonishment at this old woman, whom many of them had seen before, but none had ever suspected of relationship to Luke Green. Who is it? Is that his mother? Such were the questions that went from mouth to mouth in underbreath, as the woman bent over the rude death-couch of the superintendent. From his shoulder she passed her hand to his face, and then, as if feeling had come to corroborate the test of sight to which before she had refused belief, she started back, sliding her trembling hand along the icy forehead, and then, with a piercing shriek, fell upon the body of her son. There she lay, with his head clasped in her arms, rocking herself up and down, muttering,

"Dead—dead—Lukey, you're dead—oh—oh—dead, dead!"

"Do you know that woman, witness?" asked the Coroner.

"I do not, Sir," answered John Manton.

The old woman raised her head quickly, and her eyes snapped fire. "Whose voice was that? Who said 'I don't know her?'" She sought all the faces in the direction of the answer, and her eye lit upon the witness.

"John Manton!" she cried, "is it you that utters that lie? God wither your tongue, you wretch!"

"Before God I do not know you," said the old man, faintly, trembling in every limb.

Nothing but the dead body of her son intervening prevented her from springing upon John Manton like a tiger. She leaned over toward him as far as she could, and with her skinny hands knotted and menacing him, cried out, "I'll tell ye who I am, John Manton. I'll tell ye who I am. I'm the mother of this dead man—and you killed him! Yes, you *may* tremble; it was you and yours that did it. Do ye remember that day, years and years ago, that pleasant spring day, when I met you at the Van Tassel House, and you gave me a son for a daughter?"

There were those who gave a low chuckle among the mob at this suggestion of a pleasant piece of prurient scandal; but the frowns of the intent listeners checked the mirthful tendency, and the old woman went on:

"Villain! liar! you don't know me? I know you; and I tell ye, as I tell the world here, that you are a tool, a hypocrite, a *baby changer!* And it's you and yours that have been the death of my Luke—I knew you'd kill him. Ah, ah, ah, I told him so. It's true, Lukey, isn't it?—the old woman's right. John Manton, John Manton, you wouldn't let your heiress have him, would ye? *Baby changer!* May God bring me up to you!" She reached forward as if she would strike him over her son; but her passionate rage had exhausted itself before there was any danger to John Manton, and she sank into the arms that were stretched to prevent her, trembling, and livid in the face with madness.

"What does all this mean?" said Coroner Doldrum, savagely, looking at John Manton with an eye that he meant to have look like pictures he had seen of Justice. John Manton, pale as death, sat on the witness's stool, covering his eyes with his hands, and only shook his head in answer to the stern preserver of law. This conduct—namely, not possessing the same impudence of visage as his Honor—was an infallible proof of guilt, and afforded the magistrate an opportunity of showing what an invaluable officer he was to the country by committing somebody. As he had been afraid until now that no such delicious chance would offer itself he seized it with avidity.

"Very suspicious behavior, *very* suspicious!" said Coroner Doldrum. "For the last time, I ask you again if you know what this old lady means? She says you are a baby changer, and that you killed her son! Now what have you got to say?"

John Manton rose, supporting his tremulous knees by the back of a neighboring reporter's chair, and faltered out these words:

"May it please the Court, what she means about killing her son I can not say. As to her remarks upon the subject of an exchange of children I understand her better, but have no right to make any public disclosures upon the matter, as it is a confidential secret."

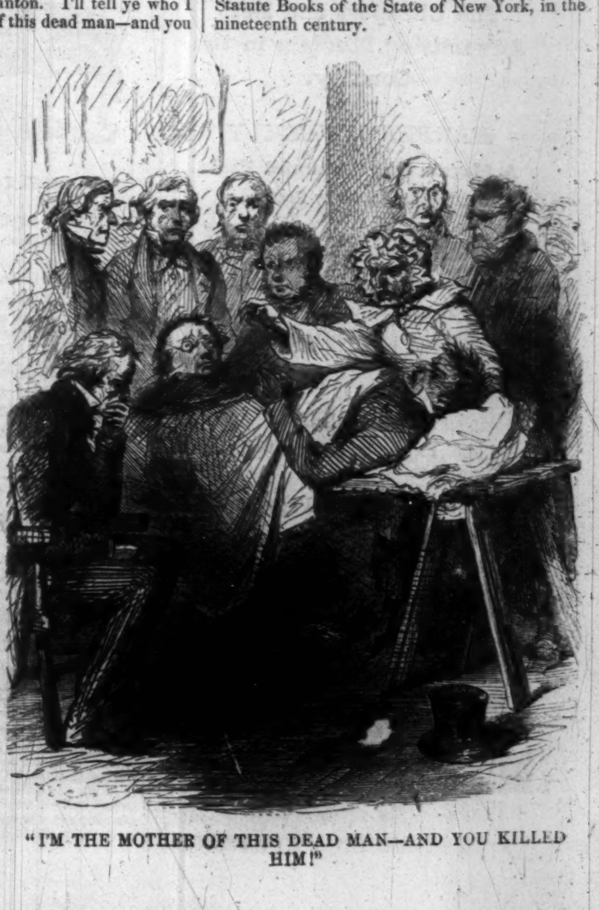
"You know her, then?" said Coroner Doldrum, fiercely.

"Yes, Sir."

"And just now, on your oath, you asserted that you did not know her! That is rank perjury, Sir, and contempt of Court into the bargain. How do you get rid of that, Sir? And you decline to satisfy the Court upon the subject of the baby changing, do you, Sir? Very well; things begin to be a little clearer as to this death. Very suspicious; very. I shall commit you, Mr. Manton, and adjourn this Court until nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Constable, take Mr. Manton into custody."

Hardly knowing whither he went, the poor old man was hustled along by one of those catch-polls who feel a peculiar enthusiasm in taking a respectable man to the lock-up—a sort of oblation to the tag-rag of society from whom they themselves sprung. The fascination of the inquest was now dispelled, and the cortége that followed to see the pleasant sight of John Manton's imprisonment cleared the house of all but Coroner Doldrum, two or three other tip-staves, the dead man, and his mother. Justice, as embodied in the person of a judicial Doldrum, was at a loss to know what equitable disposition to make of the latter. At length, after musing for a moment, a bright thought beamed upon him. There were three tip-staves—I said two or three, it will be remembered—one of them was to stay and take care of the body; another lived next door to himself, and would make him nice company home; while the third might just as well take the old woman out of the way and put her in jail—if he only considered her as a witness. He *would*, therefore, consider her as a witness. "Highjinks," said he, to one of the catch-polls, "I consider this woman as a witness—take her to the lock-up." Which was accordingly done straightway, though not without both oral and mechanical objection on said witness's part. Thus was every body disposed of. After which, Coroner Doldrum went home to tea, highly gratified by his bright idea and its success.

The greatest joke of all is, that it is not only a bright but a *possible* and *legal* idea upon the Statute Books of the State of New York, in the nineteenth century.



"I'M THE MOTHER OF THIS DEAD MAN—AND YOU KILLED HIM!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

Premature Loss of the Hair,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and it has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth.

It is unrivaled as a dressing for the hair, a single application rendering it soft and glossy for several days.

The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the case of

Baldness.

Boston, November 24, 1859.

Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocoaine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time I had tried a dozen different preparations, specially recommended for baldness, (and all claiming to be infallible), without any beneficial effect.

The ladies of my household urged me to try your Cocoaine, which I did, to please them, not having, myself, any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald pate is covered all over with young hair, about three-eighths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow.

In a word, your Cocoaine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I have ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.

Very truly your obliged and obd't servant,
D. T. MERWIN.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by dealers, generally, at 50 cents a bottle.

The Readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY

Can have purchased and forwarded to them, with dispatch, any Article this City affords, by sending their Orders, addressed to WM. S. WYSE, Office Harper's Weekly.

N. B.—Orders from Ladies will receive the attention of MRS. W., if required.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
Celebrated Uterine Catholicon,

For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

Climate and the normal habits of female life superinduce a variety of diseases which this Catholicon will counteract and cure. It can be relied upon in any case of Painful, Suppressed, or Irregular Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, Ulceration of the Womb, Faintness, Lassitude, &c. When every thing else has failed, this article is never taken without benefit. No suffering female should leave it untried. A pamphlet, with full symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent (gratis) by mail, or delivered by any Agent. It is sold in every town, or sent by express. Be cautious of an imitation, somewhat similar in name, with my certificates altered, &c. Address BARNES & PARK, No. 13 Park Row, N. Y.; J. D. PARK, Cincinnati or Chicago; WEEKS & POTTER, Boston; or CALLENDER & CO., Philad.

J. B. MARCHISI, M.D., Utica, N. Y.

Coleman's Eutaw House,

Baltimore.

This popular House has been thoroughly renovated, and opened by ROBERT B. COLEMAN, late of the Astor House and St. Nicholas Hotels, and offers superior accommodations to families and travellers.

To Advertisers.

The Cheapest and Best Advertising Medium in the Country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

A Magnificently Illustrated Paper,

Circulating in every Section of the Union,

Offers unusual inducements to those who desire to bring their business prominently before the community.

1. Only a limited space is devoted to Advertisements.
2. The character and diffusion of the circulation are unequaled.
3. The Paper is generally preserved for Binding.
4. The Advertising Pages are rendered attractive, and can not escape the attention of the reader.
5. None but the most respectable class of Advertisements are admitted.
6. The charges are not as large, *proportionally*, as those of any other Weekly or Daily Paper.

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for Three Months or more.

Terms—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW and RARE TREES and PLANTS.

PARSONS & CO.

Have just received from Europe a large number of new plants selected by one of their firm, and not before introduced. They also offer, in quantities to suit either Amateurs or the Trade, all the new CONIFERS, to which they have given especial attention. PICEA NORDMANIANA, from one to three feet; PICEA GRANDIS, AMABILIS, and NOBILIS, will be found worthy of particular notice.

RHODODENDRONS, and all other plants fitted to make pleasure grounds fresh and green during the long winter months, can be furnished in large quantities, either seedlings or grafted.

For **SCREENS** they can furnish NORWAY SPRUCE, one to ten feet high, by the thousand.

For **HEDGES,** the AMERICAN and SIBERIAN ARBOR-VITÆ. For single specimens, or for large masses, where quick growth is desired, they can recommend the PINES, including STROBUS, EXCELSA, AUSTRIACA, and the more dwarf CEMBRA. UNDERGROWTH and low Shrubbery will be enlivened by the different varieties of JUNIPER, YEW, PODOCARPUS, RETINOSPORA, etc.

All **EVERGREENS** for WINTER GARDENS, are cultivated by them in quantities sufficient either for Amateurs or the Trade. Many new and beautiful DECIDUOUS TREES and SHRUBS are cultivated, in addition to the well-known varieties for the GARDEN, the LAWN, the AVENUE, or the PUBLIC PARK.

ROSES are cultivated on their own roots, and budded Roses are never sold unless Standards are ordered.

Their stock of

FRUIT TREES

has attained a reputation, from the fact that the soil and climate of Long Island produce thrifty, *well-ripened* wood. It is thus that their trees uniformly succeed when they receive the care to which all plants are entitled. Among the fruits will be found:

APPLES, three to five years old.
STANDARD PEARS, for the ORCHARD and MARKET.
DWARF PEARS, for the GARDEN and AMATEUR.
CHERRY, DWARF and STANDARD.
PLUMS, APRICOTS, and **NECTARINES.**
PEACHES, one and two years.

Of the above, Dwarf Maiden Trees can be furnished, suitable for ORCHARD HOUSES. Among the smaller fruits are

CURRANTS, VERSAILLES CHERRY, and other sorts.
MULBERRY, FIG, WALNUT, and **FILBERT.**
GOOSEBERRY, AMERICAN and ENGLISH sorts.
BLACKBERRY, NEW ROCHELLE, by the thousand.
GRAPE-VINES, of all the foreign sorts, strong and well grown, in large pots, including the MUSCAT HAMBURG, GOLDEN HAMBURG, and other new kinds.
NATIVE GRAPES, including DELAWARE, DIANA, ANNA, CONCORD, LOGAN, HARTFORD PROLIFIC, REBECCA, and other new sorts.
RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, and **RHUBARB.** LINNÆUS RHUBARB will be sold very low by the thousand, or by the acre.

The Exotic Department,

Contained in nine houses, is always open to the inspection of visitors on week-days. It is especially rich in ORCHIDS, in plants remarkable for their FOLIAGE, and in all the choice STOVE and GREEN-HOUSE PLANTS.

The Catalogues of the different departments, and of the small plants, which they grow for the Trade, or for those who wish to plant in masses, can be obtained by mail, or of J. B. PARSONS, No. 3 Nassau Street, New York.

Orders will be filled with promptness and care, and packed for distant transportation. Goods delivered free of freight charge upon Fulton Market Wharf, New York. If desired, their Agent on the Wharf will forward them to any other point. Orders, or applications for Catalogues, should be addressed to

PARSONS & CO.,
Flushing, near New York.

Established in 1834.

JOHN B. DUNHAM,
Manufacturer of the Over-strung
GRAND & SQUARE PIANO-FORTES
Manufactory and Warerooms
75 to 85
East Thirteenth Street, near Broadway, New York.

Parties in the country wishing Instruments direct from the Factory, can be suited by describing by letter the quality of tone and touch desired.

Purchasers may rely upon the excellence of these instruments. They are warranted for Five Years, and Prices are moderate.

At Walker's Warerooms,

Clinton Hall, Astor Place, near Broadway,
A Large Stock of Pianos of every description for sale and hire.

"Trefelio" is the True Secret of Beauty.

"TREFELIO" Cures all Eruptions.

"TREFELIO" Softens the Skin.

"TREFELIO" Beautifies the Skin.

"TREFELIO" Eradicates Humors.

"TREFELIO" 50 cents a bottle.

!!SOMETHING NEW!!

A HEMMER, TUCKER, FELLER, BINDER, and GUAGE combined, just patented, simple, hemming any width and thickness of cloth either side, applied to any Sewing Machine by any one in a few minutes. Retail price $5. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE. Orders by mail supplied, postage paid. Instructions accompany every hemmer. Send for a circular.

UNIVERSAL HEMMER CO.,
429 Broadway, N. Y.

To Public Speakers.

In a letter from Rev. J. H. Derr, Allentown, Pa., speaking of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" or Cough Lozenges, he says: "Whether a humbug or not, they seem to have done me good. I am inclined to hoarseness from public speaking, or an over-exertion of the vocal organs, and I have found them very serviceable as a palliative, calculated to allay irritation, thus avoiding inflammation. My brethren in the ministry to whom I have recommended them seem to have derived more or less benefit."

Quart Bottles.

ONLY FIFTY CENTS.

DENSLOW'S

Fluid Extract of

SARSAPARILLA,

A perfectly Reliable and Scientific Compound entitled to the

UTMOST CONFIDENCE.

This Article, having been in preparation nearly a year, is now ready for Introduction. The proprietor desires to establish Agencies in every town of any size, and has organized a *new* and *effective* mode of introducing it to public attention, which will be detailed, together with the terms of Agency, to Dealers upon application by letter. One Agent in a town only will be appointed.

Address
Denslow's Sarsaparilla Depot,
159 Water Street, New York.

Harnden's Express.

—DAILY—

Forwards Valuables and Merchandise to and from, and collects drafts, bills, &c., in all parts of the

EAST, WEST AND SOUTH.

Will receive goods, or orders to "call," at
74 Broadway.

1828. T. H. Chambers' 1860.

PIANOS, Established in 1828. Formerly Dubois & Stodardt, and Dubois, Bacon & Chambers, Bible-House, corner of 8th St. and 4th Avenue, opposite the Peter Cooper Institute, New York.

Improved Over-strung, Iron-frame Pianos.

Secondhand Pianos in good repair at $75 to $175. Pianos hired. Allowance on hire if purchased.

CARD.

A. & G. A. ARNOUX, so long and reputably known as *Fashionable Tailors,* beg to announce to the public that *they have added a department for Boys' Clothing* to their establishment, in which all the finest and newest styles of goods will be kept. This will enable our customers to obtain all the goods they may be in need of for themselves and the male part of their families at our house.

Of our Men's Furnishing Department it is unnecessary for us to say any thing, as it already has the name of having the best goods, and best styles of goods, to be found in the city.

521 Broadway, under St. Nicholas.

Mr. McCune, formerly of Genin's Bazaar, will be happy to see his friends at his new location, to which not only he, but Mr. Iselton, the Superintendent there of the Boys' work have removed.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Singer's No. 2 Sewing Machine, $100.

Singer's No. 1 Sewing Machine, $90.

HEMMING GAUGES REDUCED TO $4.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE
AWARDED
to
H. C. Spalding
For the best
Liquid Glue
1859.
NEW YORK

For mending Toys, Crockery, &c. Manufactured by
HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
No. 48 Cedar Street, N. Y.

The ORANGE BLOSSOM WEDDING ENVELOPE, just issued, very beautiful (copyright secured), at Everdell's Wedding Card Depot, No. 302 Broadway, cor. Duane Street. Also, French Paper.

What Everybody Wants.

Everybody's Lawyer
AND
Counsellor in Business.

BY FRANK CROSBY,
OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

IT TELLS YOU How to draw up Partnership Papers and gives general forms for Agreements of all kinds, Bills of Sale, Leases and Petitions.

IT TELLS YOU How to draw up Bonds and Mortgages, Affidavits, Powers of Attorney, Notes and Bills of Exchange, Receipts and Releases.

IT TELLS YOU The Laws for the Collection of Debts, with the Statutes of Limitation, and amount and kind of property Exempt from Execution in every State.

IT TELLS YOU How to make an Assignment properly, with forms for Composition with Creditors, and the Insolvent Laws of every State.

IT TELLS YOU The legal relations existing between Guardian and Ward, Master and Apprentice, and Landlord and Tenant.

IT TELLS YOU What constitutes Libel and Slander, and the Law as to Marriage Dower, the Wife's Right in Property, Divorce and Alimony.

IT TELLS YOU The Law for Mechanics' Liens in every State, and the Naturalization Laws of this country, and how to comply with the same.

IT TELLS YOU The Law Concerning Pensions and how to obtain one, and the Pre-Emption Laws to Public Lands.

IT TELLS YOU The Law for Patents, with mode of procedure in obtaining one, with Interferences, Assignments and Table of Fees.

IT TELLS YOU How to make your Will, and how to Administer on an Estate, with the law and the requirements thereof in every State.

IT TELLS YOU The meaning of Law Terms in general use, and explains to you the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Powers of both the General and State Governments.

IT TELLS YOU How to keep out of Law, by showing how to do your business legally, thus saving a vast amount of property, and vexatious litigation, by its timely consultation.

Single copies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to Every Farmer, Every Mechanic, Every Man of Business, and Everybody in Every State, on receipt of $1 00, or in law style of binding at $1 25.

$1000 A YEAR can be made by enterprising men everywhere, in selling the above work, as our inducements to all such are very liberal.

For single copies of the Book, or for terms to agents, with other information, apply to or address

JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher,
No. 617 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.

Extract of a Letter from an Agent in Indiana.

"Satisfied I am that no works hitherto published so readily command subscribers as your beautifully illustrated publications. Send me a further supply by return by the American Express—400 of Part I. Illustrated Bible, and 200 Part I. of your Natural History."

No works are like them for *Canvassing Agents,* send 3 cents for terms.

The whole Press of America pronounces CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE as the cheapest and most magnificent work of the kind ever produced in this or any other country.

Parts I. to III. forwarded free by mail on receipt of 45 cents.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,
No. 37 Park Row, New York.

LE BON TON is the best LADIES' FASHION BOOK in the World. Specimen copies, with two patterns, will be sent for 30 cents.

S. T. TAYLOR & SON, 407 Broadway, N. Y.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.

O'Conner & Collender, 65 to 69 Crosby Street.

☞ **5000 AGENTS WANTED**—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one,—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis.

EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.

B. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Important Invention for married people. For particulars address, inclosing stamp, Dr. H. HIRSHFIELD, Surgeon and Accoucheur, 438 Broadway, N. Y.

To Wholesale Dealers in Jewelry.

The undersigned begs to say that, owing to his *unsurpassed facilities,* he is able to offer to the Trade Jewelry of any description on better terms than any other house in New York.

All orders will receive the most careful and *prompt attention.*

W. A. HAYWARD,
208 Broadway.

Life and Services
of
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

By J. W. Sheahan,
Editor of the Chicago Times.

FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

With Portrait. One Vol., 500 pages, 12mo, $1 00.

Will be Shortly Issued by

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square.

Early orders solicited.

J. J. ADAMS & CO.'S
Brushes.

New York, 106 and 108 Fulton Street.
Boston, 99 Washington Street.

A full assortment of all kinds of Brushes, in both Cities, as above.

Watches Given Away!!

A GIFT valued from two dollars to one hundred dollars given with every Book sold at retail prices.

At least one Watch is guaranteed to every twelve Books!

These inducements are offered by the

Suffolk Exchange Co.,
116 Washington Street, Boston.

The most extensive and the most liberal Gift concern in existence. Send for a Catalogue. Those who have patronized other Gift Houses are particularly requested to acquaint themselves with our terms. Our inducements are unrivalled, and put all others in the shade.

The following are some of the Gifts to purchasers of books.

English Lever Gold Watches, hunting cases.
Patent Lever " " " "
Ladies' Lever " " open face.
Detached Lever Silver Watches, hunting cases.
Lepine Silver Watches, open face.
Gold Lockets, various sizes.
Ladies' and Gents' Gold Chains, various styles.
Ladies' and Gents' Gold Sleeve Buttons and Studs, all patterns.
Gents' Bosom Pins, new and rich styles.
Gold Pencils and Pens.
Ladies' and Gents' Gold Rings.
Gold Watch Keys and Belt Pins.
A great variety of Ladies' Jewelry, Pins and Ear drops, comprising all the styles now worn, such as Cameo, Mosaic, Gold Stone, Lava, Florentine, &c., &c., &c.
Gold Bracelets, all styles.

The List of Books comprises a great assortment of standard works in every department of literature, interesting to the young and old. Do not fail to send for a catalogue. Catalogues mailed free to any address. Apply to

SUFFOLK EXCHANGE COMPANY,
116 Washington Street, Boston.
C. W. ELDRIDGE, Treasurer.

[From the Republican Farmer, Bridgeport, Ct.]

"That Dr. Halsted's skill is peculiar and seldom equalled cannot be doubted." See Circular sent gratis. Address Round Hill Water Cure, Northampton, Mass.

NOW READY.

A New Edition of

Sylvan Holt's Daughter.

By Holme Lee,
Author of "Kathie Brande," &c.

12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of One Dollar.

LONDON and PARIS WORLD of FASHION.—Monthly—Price $4 a year—Single copies 50 cents—arrives here about the Twelfth of each month. The best and most reliable for Fashions actually worn. Contains four Colored Fashion Plates, and one plate Millinery, and a full size paper pattern cut out ready for use.

WILLMER & ROGERS, 42 Nassau Street, N. Y.

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.—S. CHAMBERS'S ESTABLISHMENT, the oldest and best in the United States, has always an ample supply of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING. The only establishment where Ladies and Merchants can at all times procure the newest and best Styles. S. CHAMBERS has secured the best talent, both native and foreign, with a supply by each steamer of the newest Fashions.

Ladies and Merchants supplied at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail, by S. CHAMBERS, No. 503 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel.

GOOD BOOK AGENTS WANTED,

to Sell exclusively by Subscription,

Young's American Statesman,

A Complete
Political History of the United States,
From the Formation of our Government
TO THE PRESENT TIME.

One large Octavo, 1065 pages; price, $3 50. Recommended by Statesmen, Politicians, and Editors, of every party as impartial and invaluable.

This being the "Presidential year," the work will be in great demand. Agents wanted in all the States except Ohio, Massachusetts and Oregon, which States are already engaged.

For further particulars, address

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND NEURALGIA. The *Anti-Rheumatic Belt* is a positive remedy. Thousands have tested its merits. Have never known of a failure. By mail, with directions, for $2. Wholesale and Retail by L. G. ABBOTT, 599 Broadway, N. Y.

LADIES desiring **UNDER-LINEN READY MADE** will find at the STORE 987 BROADWAY, NEAR 25TH ST. (*devoted exclusively to this*), an assortment, *especially* for "EVERY-DAY WEAR," of *entirely neat* and *trustworthy make.*

NEW MUSIC BOOK for SCHOOLS.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL VOCALIST. A new Collection of Favorite Choruses, Glees, Duets, and Part Songs. Transposed for Young Voices, and Arranged with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte, expressly for Schools, by Geo. H. Curtis and F. H. Nash. Price 50 cents. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

READ AND SEND ON. I want the address of 100 persons immediately. You can make at least $5 000 per annum, by addressing A. D. FRITZ, Box 128, Williamsburg, N. Y.

GREAT CURIOSITY Particulars sent *free.* Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES, Married or Single, in health or disease.—MEDICAL ADVISER AND MARRIAGE GUIDE, 30th edition, over 400 pages, 12mo, cloth, and above 100 Electrotype Engravings. Price $1. By a celebrated Paris and London Physician and Surgeon, now of New York City. This interesting book should be in the hands of every adult person, as it imparts knowledge all have sought for in vain in any other. Sold by H. G. LAWRENCE, No. 1 Vesey Street, Astor House.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of THE AGE.

Dr. Kennedy, of Roxbury, Mass., has discovered a common pasture weed that cures every kind of HUMOR from the worst SCROFULA down to a common pimple.

By strict attention to the direction in the pamphlet around each bottle, and a judicious application of the Salt Rheum Ointment, Healing Ointment, and Scrofula Ointment, CHRONIC and CORRUPT ULCERS are cured in a few weeks.

For sale by every Druggist in the United States.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—Subscriptions received for all foreign Newspapers and Periodicals, English, Scotch, Irish, French, &c. Punctually delivered on arrival of Steamers, or sent by mail to all parts of the U. S. Priced lists of One Thousand different publications now ready.

WILLMER & ROGERS, 42 Nassau Street, N. Y.

FOWLER AND WELLS'S
American and Foreign Patent Agency,
308 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

All kinds of business pertaining to the Patent Office done in the most prompt and satisfactory manner on reasonable terms.

A GREAT GOSPEL PICTURE.—THE CHEAPEST ENGRAVING EVER PUBLISHED.—Dayton & Co.'s Magnificent Engraving of Thorwaldsen's SACRED STATUES in the Cathedral of Copenhagen, representing CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES, 36 inches in length and 24 inches in width.

From Rev. Dr. Prime, Editor of New York Observer.

THORWALDSEN'S STATUARY.—One of the pictures hangs in our study, and we regard the work as eminently suitable for the wants of every Christian household.

The religious Press of the country speak in enraptured terms of the work, and recommend its introduction into every family in the land. The proof-sheets were sold at $35 each; but with the view of affording every family an opportunity to possess this "instructive picture," the proprietors afford it, and an elegant Bible bound in velvet, for $2 25, the 25 cents being for return postage. $1 12 will secure a letter of Agency with one copy of the Engraving. $4 50 will ensure six pictures, postage free, to one address. Address

DAYTON & CO., 37 Park Row.

ARTHUR'S

GREAT AND BEST TEMPERANCE BOOK.

The Tavern Keeper's Victims.

A SERIES OF TEMPERANCE TALES.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

1 vol. 12mo, with Ten Electrotype Illustrations—bound in embossed cloth, gilt backs.

Retail Price, One Dollar.

This work is undoubtedly one of Mr. Arthur's *best* productions, and is destined to exceed many in popularity and successful sale.

Agents are wanted everywhere to engage in its sale.

Price One Dollar.

Copies sent by mail on receipt of the price.

LEARY, GETZ & CO., Publishers,
Philadelphia.

Queru's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly

The only certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, and all kinds of Coughs, is taken without nausea.

ALSO,

Queru's Patent Jellified Castor-Oil.—The greasy sensation of the oil is obviated, and it does not cause any constipation after use. It is the best purgative for children. To be had at the Inventor's Office, No. 135 Fourth Avenue, and at all respectable druggists. PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWER, Wholesale Agents, No. 15 Beekman Street.

Barney's Opera Perfume.

DEDICATED TO MLLE. ADELINA PATTI.

A new and elegant PERFUME, exhaling the most delightful and exquisite odors; as truly fascinating as the beautiful photographic likeness which adorns each bottle.

Wholesale by J. W. NORCROSS & Co., 91 Fulton Street. Retailed by all Druggists and Fancy Good Dealers.

PURE WATER.

United States Carbon Filter Company.

CARBON FILTERS of all sizes and descriptions, adapted to the Hydrant in Dwelling Houses, Factories, &c. Also, a great variety of Portable Self-Acting Filters, for Sportsmen, Travellers, Druggists, &c., &c.

164 Broadway, N. Y.

LABOR-SAVING ARTICLE.

F. A. Cannon's Patent Smoothing and Polishing Iron.

Having a Roller, By the aid of which, A fine Satin finish is produced on all Linens, with half the Labor and half the time.

For sale by the Trade.

W. A. CORBIERE, Agent, 378 Broadway.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of

1500 Pages and
1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Winant's Excelsior Billiard Tables.
Manufactory 71 Gold Street, N. Y.

PIANOS AND MELODEONS.—Hallet & Cumston's Parlor Grand and Square Pianos, full iron frame and all modern improvements. Fully guaranteed. Lowest factory prices. S. D. & H. W. Smith's Melodeons, of every style, for Parlor, Church, or School use. New and Secondhand Pianos to rent at low rates. A. M. KANOUSE, 435 Broadway.

Attractive NEW BOOKS.

WOMAN (La Femme). By Michelet	$1 00
LOVE (L'Amour). By Michelet	1 00
THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY	1 25
THE GREAT TRIBULATION. 2 vols	2 00

⁂ Sold by all booksellers, and sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price, by RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers, 130 Grand Street, New York.

ANTI-ARTHRITIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWER,
Wholesale Druggists,
15 Beekman Street, New York.

"HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET PAID FOR IT."—AGENTS.—Young men—and women also—Teachers, Preachers, and others, who may wish to engage in a local or traveling agency for our Books, Journals, etc., may have full particulars by return mail, by addressing the publishers as follows: FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

Wheeler & Wilson's SEWING MACHINE.

WHO WRITES FOR IT?

Send for a Circular and see!

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

CHASE, NICHOLS & HILL,

Publishers,

Booksellers and Stationers,
No. 43 WASHINGTON STREET,
Between Cornhill and Court Street,

LUCIUS A. CHASE,
SAMUEL F. NICHOLS,
WILLIAM H. HILL, Jr.
} BOSTON.

A New Edition of

ADAM BEDE. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

CHILTON ON THE CROTON, OR RIVER WATER.

The Diaphragm Filter, manufactured by McKENZIE & O'HARA, is the kind of porous Filter to which I alluded in my recent report to the Croton Board. I consider the artificial sandstone which constitutes the filtering medium to be an excellent article for the purpose. The instrument is quite durable, and only requires to be reversed occasionally to insure its action.

JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

Manufactured and sold by McKENZIE & O'HARA, No. 364 4th Street, corner of Mercer.

☞ **LONDON CLUB SAUCE.**—This Sauce, celebrated throughout Europe, and warmly recommended by the celebrated French *cuisinier*, Soyer, possesses an unrivaled richness and delicacy of taste, imparting a relish unsurpassed by all other sauces to ready made-dishes. Its flavor is most agreeable; and no one accustomed to its use would care to sit at a table loaded with the richest viands without it. It is superior to the Worcestershire Sauce, and is sold at one half the price.

It is an excellent promoter of digestion, and is recommended by the medical faculty to those afflicted with dyspepsia, etc.

The "London Club Sauce" is prepared by PARKER BROS., LONDON, and sold by A. J. PARKER, No. 15 Beekman Street, Sole Agent for the United States.

None genuine that is without the *fac simile* of "PARKER BROS., LONDON," pasted over the neck and cork of every bottle.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA

Is peculiarly beneficial for purifying the blood, expelling obstructions, strumous and scrofulous humors, pustules, pimples, and all disfiguring eruptions upon the surface of the skin.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

AN ENTIRE NEW STYLE,
Designed for all manufacturing purposes.

Noiseless in its operation, very rapid, and capable of every kind of work, it is the best machine ever produced.

Price only $110.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my onguent (established 1852), which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

in Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address C. S. MARSHALL, Prest. American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

WOMAN'S A, B, C OF HEALTH.

ZARTALISMA A, B & C,
ARE INFALLIBLE REMEDIES FOR ALL FUNCTIONAL DERANGEMENTS
INCIDENTAL TO
THE FEMALE SEX.

Price $1 per case, or 6 cases for $5, of any assortment.

☞ Each preparation is accompanied by a pamphlet, which contains valuable advice for females of all ages. The pamphlet mailed, free of charge, to any part of the world by the proprietor.

Dr. H. A. BARROW, No. 194 Bleecker Street (4 doors below McDougal), New York, where he can be confidentially consulted from 11 to 2 and from 4 to 8 daily.

TWO WORKS, VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL, sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read and approved. Address, Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

1st. Six lectures on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin diseases; Rheumatism, and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to 100 years. 360 pages, 26 engravings. Price fifty cents, in silver or Postoffice stamps.

2d. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what causes disease. 131 pages, 6 engravings. Price 36 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, State, county, town, and postoffice.

Eclectic Embellishments!!

Emperor Alexander of Russia.

Peter the Great of Russia.

Imperial Portraits of these personages embellish the March number of "THE ECLECTIC," which is published. A rich Table of Contents will be found in the number.

Queen Victoria and The Duke of Wellington.

Splendid portraits of these personages embellish the February number. A splendid Print of the EMPRESS EUGENIE and the Ladies of her Court, and a beautiful print of the Royal Family of England, embellish the January number.

LORD MACAULAY and PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Portraits of these personages embellish the April No.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Jan. 11th, 1860.

"The assiduous editor of this valuable periodical has gained a just perception of the tastes of the American public, and is eminently successful in adapting his monthly numbers to their intellectual wants. The work is especially valuable to professional men and cultivated persons, who have neither time nor money to devote to a promiscuous reading of Reviews and Magazines, but who wish, with little trouble, to keep themselves informed on the current condition of English literature. Each number is accompanied by one or more engravings of historical value.

TERMS:

The Eclectic is issued on the first of every month. Each number contains 144 large octavo pages, on fine paper, neatly stitched, in green covers, with one or more beautiful Steel Portraits by Sartain. The twelve numbers comprise three volumes of 600 pages each, with titles, indexes, and embellishments. Price, Five Dollars. The postage is only three cents a number, prepaid at the office of delivery.

W. H. BIDWELL,
No. 5 Beekman Street, New York.

Important Change! Interesting!

That REMEDY—the only one that ever yet cured CATARRH and its legitimate offspring—Bronchitis—and thereby averted Consumption, is again placed upon sale—Price $1 a bottle, at 863 Broadway, N. Y.—Printed directions given for using.

I shall also dispose of it at wholesale, to any part of the country, except the New England States and lower British Provinces, which will be supplied through agency—and the city of N. York, where it will only be *retailed* by me.

Its celebrity for performing what it promises—a radical cure—is such, that a single word of commendation would be superfluous.

Price at wholesale $96. a Gross—$8. dozen. As it is not sold on Commission, payment must accompany all Orders.

R. GOODALE, M.D.

Gout and Rheumatism,

Neuralgia, &c.

Blair's Remedy, from 229 Strand, London.

Used in England over thirty years, and has been long and well tested in this country with great success. A sure, safe, and speedy remedy, worthy the confidence of all sufferers. Sold by Druggists. BRAY & HAYES, 34 Cornhill, Boston, Importers and Agents. Forwarded by mail on receipt of 81 cents.

Throat and Lung Diseases.

Of all remedies for *Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Phthisis, Quinsy, Tickling, Irritation,* or Inflammation of the *Throat, Chest,* or *Lungs, Incipient Consumption, &c.*, there is no one which, for safety and efficacy, or which affords such rapid and permanent relief, as the well-known and long-established

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

The only genuine is prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., BOSTON, and is sold everywhere.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 20 to 50 pages—and from one third to one half—more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

Harper's Magazine and *Harper's Weekly*, together, one year, $4 00.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.